

GEORGE O. BARNES.

God is Love and Nothing Else.

PRAISE THE LORD.

[Conclusion of letter from Sanibel Island, Fla.]

Do you ask how we are getting on? Famously. We are well advanced on the house that is built across the line of Marie's and Georgia's farms. One loving friend undertook to build their "cottage by the sea," that is, "foot the bill" for it. It will cost \$300 and will be quite palatial in comparison with the generality of our Sanibel houses. It is built on a lovely site, about 200 yards from the Gulf and in full view of that grand body of brine. The light-house is also visible from the eastern window—fully 6 miles away. Their house, which is to go by the name of "The Sisters," is about two miles from Palm Ranch as the crow flies or three via the bridge over "Bayou Grande," and the beach road. In humble imitation of our worthy predecessors in island life, Robinson Crusoe and The Swiss Family Robinson, we have undertaken to give pretty names to objects of interest on Sanibel; and are hopeful that our neighbors will accept them, in time. For example, what is known by the aguish title of the "Big Slough," that spits a large part of our island in twain, we call "Bayou Grande," among ourselves; and rigorously correct any lapse into the old barbarism. By and by others will hear the name, like it and adopt it—we're going for well I know how an old name clings, "like a limpet to a rock." Then a smaller depression on my farm, just back of Palm Ranch, that is spanned by a foot-bridge, one plank wide, we call "Chota Bayou." This is Hindustani and Spanish combined, as the former is all Spanish. "Chota" means "little" in the language of India.

Neither Will nor Yorick have done more than prepare for their houses, by the accumulation of material, as we have been able to gather it.

When I think of the audacity of building four houses I marvel that I ever thought of coming here, knowing that the house building had to be done. In fact, I didn't think, nor plan, nor do anything, but follow what I took to be my "pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night." Thus far it has led me almost through this pathless wilderness of house building in peace and safety. When I get a little scared, I just deemed a little harder on the Lord. So far our "credit is good," because we have never asked it. When we do, of course it will get bad. "If you got him I want him, but if you no got him, I want him," was the inconsistent way the old Frenchman put it to the cashier of the bank where his money was deposited and which he had heard was about to collapse. This is a funny world, isn't it? Funny over the left, I mean. How I dispise its hollow-hearted, cruel maxims and ways of selfishness! I have just now no words suitable to a full expression of the contempt its treachery arouses.

"False as the smooth deceitful sea
And empty as the whirling wind,"
are all its fair promises, as the old hymn has it.

The weather is simply delicious. Hot in the sun, but in shade, with breezes, from some quarter or other, ever blowing freshly, nothing more perfect in the way of climate can be imagined.

Everything I have planted grows with a bound. I have a grove of 30 oranges, 33 lemons, 26 guavas, 4 grape fruit, 50 bananas, 3 Avocado pears, 2 mangoes, 1 Jamaica apple and 250 pineapples. I did nothing but dig holes in the grass and put them in. Time to cultivate I have not yet had. But the varied assortment grew off as if tended with the utmost care. For raw, untamed land, the effects are marvellous.

In fact this is a marvellous island. I like it better every day. Barring mosquitoes, it is nearer an earthly Paradise than any spot I have yet come across in all my travels.

We have a nice boat now. It was a necessity, and at the right time, one, at a bargain, offered itself, without our hunting for it. I had never seen it; did not hear of it; knew little about the value of boats; but when the man came to me with it, I knew it was well worth the money, and bought it, without trial, in 5 minutes. She has turned out more than all we anticipated; sails like a duck and pretty as a picture. Will manages her beautifully and the girls are taking lessons in sailing, whenever they have leisure to go aboard. The drain for boat hire will pay for her in a year. We call her, by unanimous consent, the "May F.," after the sweet girl who shared, unconplainingly, the first rough days of our homesteading, and whom we miss so greatly every day, now. I hope the dear child has recovered the complexion she lost, for a time, over our cooking stove and in the bronzing sun; but in her elegant Covington home, surrounded by every luxury, I am sure she often thinks

with pleasure of her unique Sanibel experience.

Our poultry yard is the broad prairie and our fowls flourish in their unlimited range. We shut them up in a coon-proof enclosure at night. We have but a dozen, but these lay an astonishing number of eggs, saving us much. The kitchen scraps more than suffice for their keep. For the rest, our cooking stove is the "Derby No. 7," the daisiest little hot food producer I know. It is simply faultless. So our Marie, best of cooks and patientest, reports. Our ware is largely tin and iron. The spoons, neatly kept, are uncomely like silver, save for a tendency to double up under pressure. We are meditating a dining table of planed boards, but have found no leisure for its manufacture yet. We keep everything in tin cans, in consequence of the investigating propensities of the blue rat that makes nightly visits and forages without leave or license. We rather continue to pet the black snakes. We were out this morning, looking at one swallowing a lizard it had captured; and, after the operation, allowed it to depart unhurt. I must correct a statement in a former epistle about the centipedes and scorpions. I have seen both, since that letter was written, but they were small and comparatively innocuous; and I still aver that our beautiful island is not infested with hurtful reptiles; but remarkably free from them.

We use "One Spoon Baking Powder" and find it "immense." What shall I say of "condensed milk"? Blessed be the inventor, patentee and vendor! We don't care for a cow. The "First Prize" brand is sufficient for delicious coffee; and "Highland" for oyster stews, "cream gravy" of the best, and anything that milk without sugar is used for. Marie serves up stunning "combinations" selected from the surplusage of our canned goods, after they have been once on table. The art consists in never recognizing them again, yet having something better than the original edible. Here is where native genius asserts itself. A wondrous housekeeper is George. Imperial is she, when, broom in hand, she sways it as a queenly sceptre. *Nosce te ipsum.* My youngest is a born housekeeper, with indefinite capacity for storing everything out of sight. We humbly wait upon her for what we want. I think she secretly exults in our abject dependence; and when we meekly ask for our hats, our coats, our dressing gowns, our anything and everything, not daring to invade her repositories, nor lift the mysterious curtains where each garment is suspended from its own particular nail; then, our helplessness is dear as the breath of her nostrils to the baby. She delights to get things for us, but woe to the luckless wight who goes rummaging "on his own hook" in her incomprehensible domain. She rises to her full height—close on 6 feet—and towers like a giantess in her housekeeping wrath. Once and again we think we know something of the whereabouts of our personal belongings, from watching where she bestows them, or where she goes to get them; but when conceit of knowledge is about to bloom, the infant has a spell of house cleaning and *proscio* the places that once knew them know them no more. Everything is changed; everything under curtain; and only that orderly head of hers holds the secret of their habitat. We fall back into our original condition of helpless ignorance, and the Queen of Palm Ranch is surrounded by her slaves once more. It is "good as a play."

I loved my strength yesterday, at "The Sisters," and this "old day" gives an exterior letter I could not otherwise have written.

Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

A soldier who had been taken a wife and children living in New Jersey. A good minister learning that there was soon to be a general exchange of prisoners, and wishing to relieve the anxiety of the wife, called and told her that her husband would probably be exchanged in a short time. "Well," said the poor, broken hearted woman, "I love John and the children love him, and if he isn't so handsome as some men, I don't want to exchange him; and I don't want to have a husband, so now?"

A Crawfordsville, Ga., negro had a favorite cat that had been given him and the feline would not stay with its dusky master. The gentleman of color inquired around for a remedy by which he could attach his cat to its new home and finally this remedy was given him. Measure the length of a cat's tail with a common broom straw, smut the straw with soot from the family chimney, and place this—the charmer—under the doormat. This was strictly followed and the cat has not left the place since.

A gentleman living in Baxley recently dreamed that in a certain hole under a stump of a tree he would find a fur collar which had been stolen from his house. He visited the field, found the stump, and placing his hand in the hole felt a furry substance, pulled it out and dropped the skunk on short notice, and has since been fumigating the clothes he wore on the occasion.—Savannah News.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—J. D. Kirby has been allowed a pension.

—Prof. Shaw's school is flourishing and attendance on the increase.

—Pulaski's sheriff was in the Glades killing rabid dogs a few days ago.

—Mr. O. Smith, formerly of this county, has opened a confectionery at Pineville.

—U. S. marshals made a raid at Pine Hill last week after illicit liquor dealers.

—Mr. J. A. Croucher and Miss Della Evans, of Conway, were married Wednesday.

—A wagon load of young folks will go from here to-morrow to Roundstone on a fishing excursion.

—L. A. Troutman, foreman, Pine Hill, and Miss Lucy McHarg were married at Pine Hill yesterday.

—Stephen Carson and T. D. Mullins are doing the smiling act this week. A boy for the first and a girl for the latter.

—The writer and some friends had a fine time Monday night in a regular old-fashioned fish-gigging. Fifteen pounds of fish were taken.

—The Wildlife Quarry is temporarily idle on account of a disagreement in the settlement of a judgment lately issued against the proprietors.

—Mrs. Clementine Watson, of Indiana, came out last week to visit her sick sister, Mrs. Angeline Collier. Mrs. C. was dead on her arrival.

—Beliah Denny, aged 95, died at Level Green a few days since. Wesley Owens, of Pine Hill, died Saturday morning. Mrs. Pauline Hamm died last week of consumption.

—John Marler's house, barn and smoke house that were burned last Thursday had no insurance on them. Neighbors and friends are contributing largely towards rebuilding.

—Among the sick we note R. A. Brown is some better; Wm. Henderson is improving; Mrs. Dr. Brown and Mrs. Wm. Stewart are no better; the Misses Langford are improving.

—Henry Lezinsky, an old-time drummer, was among friends here Tuesday. Col. Fish was in from Pineville Tuesday. J. R. Cuss, of Broadhead, visited his mother in Louisville Monday.

—The democracy of Rockcastle county are requested to meet in mass convention at the court-house in Mt. Vernon, on Saturday, the 27th day of April, '89, at 2 p. m., to select delegates to attend the State convention, to be held in Louisville, on the 8th day of May, 1889, to nominate a candidate for State Treasurer. D. N. Williams, Chairman C. C.

—Fifty years ago Henry Northern and Sallie Knuckles, of this county, were engaged to be married. For some cause the match was broken off. Both married and raised families. Losing their partners, they concluded to patch up old differences and get married. Last Wednesday the ceremony was performed. He is 75, while she is 71.

HOMER.—Hugh Gilvin died Tuesday night, after a long illness, aged 75 years. He has been living here two years. His remains were taken to Danville by Undertaker W. O. Rigney, thence to Kingsville to be buried. G. A. Swinebroad sold a mule colt for \$90. C. R. Harris sold one to Woods or \$80. C. C. Sink received a telegram Saturday that his father, in Ohio, was dead. Mrs. Duncan, of Wayne county, is visiting at M. E. Herriug's. Wesley Owsley has employed Yeakey to build his house on the tobacco barn lot, which will soon be one more addition to Cherry street. J. C. Eubanks has sold his new crop of wheat to Rochester at 75 cents per bushel. William Underwood has sold his for 70 cents per bushel and the rise.

Since the New York Times published a business circular sent by Wanamaker & Brown, of Philadelphia, to a Virginia postmaster, inciting him to become an agent for the sale of their clothing, there has been more or less perturbation among the members of the firm and other parties near to the Postmaster General. Subsequent investigation has shown that copies of the circular were sent to other postmasters though to how many can not yet be stated.—Times.

The following pointed personal appears in the Richmond Register:

"The good people of Garrard county are rejoicing in the fact that the Best boys—who are known in that county as the worst boys—have gone with their families to make their future homes in Kansas. Everybody who knew them wishes they may be highly prosperous, and that they may never return to their native heath."

Listen—a song of rejoicing.
Hearts that were heavy are glad,
Women, look up and be hopeful,
There's help and there's health to be had,
Take courage, O weak ones despondent,
And drive back the foe that you fear
With the weapon that never will fail you.
O, be of good cheer.

For when you suffer from any of the weaknesses, "irregularities," and functional derangements, peculiar to your sex, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription you can put the enemy of ill-health and happiness to rout. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See bottle-wrapper.

For all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels take Dr. Pierce's Peppermint, One a dose.

RICHMOND.

The Capital of the Old Dominion and of the Late Southern Confederacy Forging Ahead.

RICHMOND, VA., April 22, '89.—To say that Richmond is keeping pace with the large cities in increase of population and improvements of a general nature would not do justice to this city, famed because of its historic events. She is indeed ahead of the hounds and is rapidly wending her way to the forefront. Business of all kinds goes hand in hand with the increased population and business men tell me that it will be only a few years till Richmond's manufactures will rival even those of the cities in the New England States. "Progress" is the motto and when the Old Dominion people set their minds to success in anything, succeed they will. The love for the capital of my native State causes a feeling of gratification to go over me when I see how proudly she is advancing to the front, bearing as her motto the above word so full of meaning. May she stretch forth till every inch of sacred soil in the country she is located is covered with a city ye goals can not find fault with.

Probably the most historic house in Richmond is the old Libby Prison, the mention of which carries sadness to many a heart who fought for his country. No one visiting here would ever think of leaving before seeing the old building which has a history as long as it is sad. In a few days it will be no more. A syndicate of Northern men have purchased it for \$25,000 and are now tearing it down preparatory to moving it to Chicago, where it will be put on exhibition. An immense amount of money will be expended upon it, but no doubt the Northern sharpers will make money out of the enterprise. No lover of the curious would fail to visit it and the moving of it from here will add another chapter to its history.

The colored populace are scared out of their wits about the coming of an earthquake some learned man has prophesied and are preparing for the end. Thousands are joining the church each week and at a single meeting a few nights ago 700 professed. It is no unusual thing to see them "git ligion," on the street corners, driving carriages, or while engaged in any occupation they may be. They get exceedingly happy and fall on the shoulders of the nearest person by, be he what color he may. There is hardly a negro in the city who is not a professor of religion and they all believe firmly their day of judgment is near at hand. Protracted meetings are being held at every church in the city and seemingly great good is being accomplished.

While the city is growing so rapidly in increase of inhabitants, Hollywood cemetery is also being rapidly filled up. Driving through to the sad spot where our dear little niece, Ella Lee, lies buried, I could but notice the new graves and head stones that have been added since just a year ago when I visited it. How well I remember that drive with little Ella Lee pointing out the handsome monuments and beautiful flowers that adorned some of the graves, how well I remember her suggesting the different spots as places for sections in that city of the dead, and how very sad now to recall these thoughts and think of her gone from us forever. It was a pleasure although to me very sad, to visit her little grave, marked by a neat headstone bearing these appropriate words: "Budded on earth to bloom in Heaven," and pluck from it a pansy, her favorite of all flowers. Everything I see is a reminder of her who is now with the angels, and the more I think of her life, of the thousands of things she has done for my happiness, the more thoroughly I am convinced that:

"It is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

I have just received Friday's EXTERIOR JOURNAL and am pained at the announcement of Mrs. Dr. Arndt's death. I knew Miss Jennie Buchanan well and have never, nor shall I ever forget the kindness she showed me when I first went to Crab Orchard in the interest of this paper. Not only did she assist me by becoming a patron herself, but helped me otherwise, the kindness of which is to-day green on memory's pages.

I shall let well enough alone and not attempt to describe Richmond, believing that the editor's numerous letters from here and several I have attempted will give the readers of the I. J., innumerable though they are, sufficient knowledge of the Capital of the Confederacy. I visit my old home and neighborhood in a few days and if then I find something of interest I shall make a brief mention of it in my next. Virginia's hospitality is unchanged, save, if possible, to slightly increase, and that I am enjoying it goes without saying. E. C. W.

There is a probability of one important foreign mission remaining vacant for some time yet. That is Brazil. Yellow fever is raging there and although a Philadelphian has been appointed and confirmed, he prefers the quiet of the Quaker City to the excitement of Rio and Yellow Jack.

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WALLACE E. VARNON,

Attorney at Law, Stanford, - - - - Kentucky.

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STOLEN!

On Sunday night, December 23th, in the town of Stanford, Ky., a BLACK HORSE, about 15½ hands high, 5 years old, both hind feet white, small star in the forehead and snip on nose. He carries his tail, which is very heavy, a little one sided. He was hitched to a side-bar buggy, comparatively new, with blue cloth linings. Besides the State reward of \$50, I will give \$5 for the recovery of the horse, buggy and thief. JAS. C. REID, Stanford, Ky.

POSTED.

This notice forewarns hunters, fishermen and others not to trespass on our lands without permission, as all such will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. Signed:

T. J. HILL, GEO. D. HOPPER,
J. M. McROBERTS, JR., M. S. BAUGHMAN,
ROBT. McALISTER, J. E. BRUCE,
S. H. SHANKS, J. H. BAUGHMAN,
MRS. HENRY BAUGHMAN, A. M. FELAND,
E. T. PENCE, JOHN W. HOLMES,
A. I. HAYDEN, E. C. PARRISH,
D. V. HOLMES.

S. C. DAVIS,

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Gloves and Hosiery, a specialty. Orders outside of city solicited, perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Don't fail to order a NOBBY HAT. 22 1/2

THE END.



HE old doctor was dying. There was no doubt about that. He himself knew that his life was surging away with the short, quick gasps that seemed to rack his body with pain. Yet he fought stoutly against the approach of death. To the silent attendants at his bedside it seemed as if he was trying to gather strength to say something ere his lips should be sealed forever. He tried to speak, but the words were not audible. Again he strove and this time the nurse, bending over the bed, heard him say:

"Has the doctor come yet?"

The nurse was about to reply when a light, quick step was heard and the doctor came in. The young man left the face of the dying man. By a supreme effort he raised himself up, reached under the pillow, drew forth a neatly-folded manuscript, placed it in the doctor's hands, and fell back exhausted. He did not speak again and in a few minutes he was dead.

It was a strange affair, the eccentric young Doctor Mechlin thought, as he assisted in performing the last offices for the dead man, a very strange affair. His thoughts reverted to the past, to the time when he had first met him whose silent form lay stretched on the rickety bed in the small, plainly-furnished room. He had returned from a visit to a country patient one day about six months previous and upon returning found the old doctor seated on a chair in his office poring over a medical work. His visitor apologized for his intrusion and went away without an explanation, and Dr. Mechlin soon forgot the incident. The next day upon going to his office (the outer door was never locked) the old man was to be seen as before, studying a medical book and apparently oblivious to his surroundings. Dr. Mechlin demanded an explanation. The old man was very non-committal at first. Finally, when he was told he must leave the office and keep away under penalty of arrest, he looked appealingly at the doctor and gave the following meager and hardly satisfactory account of his peculiar actions.

He said that he was a physician by profession; that he had practiced in the large cities both in this country and in Europe. In his old age he had been reduced almost to want by unfortunate investments, and was finally forced to retire. He had come to Ostin because he could live cheaply and quietly.

"This is all I can tell you," the old man said, in an appealing tone, "and I ask that you will place faith in my words. All I desire is that I may be permitted to spend a few hours occasionally in your office where I can be near the profession that in my old age I have been forced to relinquish."

The young doctor looked sharply at the aged stranger and pondered upon the strange request. The visitor had apparently relied upon the unconcernedness of his surroundings, and Dr. Mechlin had an opportunity to carefully scrutinize him. The stranger was attired in conventional, but well-worn garments. He had that indefinable air that marks the physician, that was evident. There was nothing in his appearance to indicate insanity even to the practiced eye of his observer.

"Pshaw," muttered Dr. Mechlin to himself, "he is nothing but an eccentric. It can certainly do no harm to accede to his request."

And so the young and the old doctor reached an understanding, and every day the old man came to his young friend's office and remained hours at a time. At first he only sat and read and pondered. But one day the young doctor came in greatly perplexed. A change for the worse had taken place in one of his patients who had been ill for some time with a complicated and occult disease. The old man noticed

his anxiety and questioned him. The case was explained. The eccentric seized a prescription blank and rapidly wrote out several prescriptions.

"Try these," he said, and turned to his book again. Dr. Mechlin hesitated. The prescriptions followed no ordinary law of medicine. But the case was a desperate one; his patient would die unless he could afford immediate relief. He seized the prescriptions, had them filled and hurried to the house of his patient and administered them. The strange medicine wrought a wonderful change. In an hour an improvement was noticeable, and in three days the sick one was out of danger.

Dr. Mechlin's respect for his eccentric visitor increased greatly after this occurrence, and he allowed him to come and go as he pleased, and many times did the old man's suggestions bring him success and reputation.

One day the aged doctor was not to be found in his accustomed chair in Dr. Mechlin's office. The latter thought it strange, but the entrance of a visitor banished the subject from his mind. Another day, and again did the eccentric fail to appear. Dr. Mechlin became alarmed and was about to set out in search of him when a ragged little boy brought the news that the stranger was dying, and urgently desired his presence.

The old doctor had been given Christian burial. No friends had appeared to mourn his loss, and Dr. Mechlin sat in his office, the bequest in his hand, hoping that its perusal might cast some light upon the mystery of his life. It was only a package of manuscript, carefully written and neatly folded. The doctor never lifted his eyes until he had read the last line. These were the words of the manuscript:

"I am a physician in good standing. Indeed, there are few of my profession who have been fortunate enough to attain the rank that was mine when I retired from active work a few years ago. I have told you that I have practiced in the leading cities of the New and the Old World. This is true, and the mention of my real name would cause a commotion in medical circles that you, as a physician, can readily understand. Spring smiled on the earth when I withdrew from active practice. My nerves were unstrung; my general health undermined and I felt the need of rest and seclusion. A few

years before I had spent a summer in the beautiful little village of St. Johnsbury, in Vermont. Hither I repaired to regain, in a measure, if I could, my impaired physical faculties.

"Soon I began to gain rapidly, and too restless to remain entirely idle, I pursued the study of my profession into its most intricate branches. Not that I ever expected to practice again, but because I so loved the healing art. I had, in earlier years, brought out several remedial agents that had proved quite successful, and my studies were naturally in that direction. I had become much interested in the known and probable properties of nitro-glycerine. I believed that that powerful explosive could be made a power against the inroads of certain kinds of disease. Bright's disease, that dreaded curse of modern times, in particular. Spring lapsed into summer and summer into early winter before I had solved the problem, but finally success was mine.

"I had discovered a process by which the explosive properties of nitro-glycerine could be removed, the residue peculiarly prepared, forming a compound that was a certain cure for the most complicated and chronic cases of Bright's disease. I have no hesitation now in explaining in a measure the process. According to the formula it is prepared in alcohol in the proportion of one per cent. in tablet form, one of these con-

tain the one hundredth part of a grain. It is called trinitrin, and is nitro-glycerine of a pure quality, possessing at first all the explosive power of that article. The last is removed by its mixture with alcohol, and the tablet is formed of sugar, milk or other inert substances.

"I had discovered the remedy, but where was the patient? Who would allow himself to be treated with nitro-glycerine, even though I should assure him that its explosive properties had been removed? I had no patients in the little town. One day shortly after I had made my wonderful discovery I was accosted by a tramp, who begged for a coin to purchase a meal. I was about to turn him away when a brilliant thought struck me. I said to him: 'Follow me, and he went with me to my room. I looked the door.

"He was an ordinary-looking tramp, but the demon of recklessness was plainly shown in his 'devil-may-care' eye. Why had I invited him to my room? He had Bright's disease; my professional eye detected that.

"My man," I said to him, "do you want to earn a hundred dollars and leave here a month hence a well man? You have Bright's disease and I can cure you."

The tramp accepted my proposal before I had ceased talking. But I told him just what I wanted of him. He was to take my nitro-glycerine tablets, as I should direct, for thirty days. I would feed him, clothe him, and when the time was up give him one hundred dollars. I warned him that it was but an experiment, of which he was the subject, and that the consequences might be good; if not, he might bid farewell to life; but I knew my medicine was all right. I only wanted to be fair with him.

"The explanation made no difference. If the experiment was successful, he was that much better off. If not, why, who cared about a tramp, any way? It was evident that I had gained a prize.

"An hour later the tramp came to me, refreshed and rehabilitated. I had made some of the precious tablets in a portable laboratory, and gave him the first dose. The next few hours were anxious ones. But no harm came. Three times a day did the tramp come to my room and swallow one of the tablets. In a few days a wonderful improvement became evident. My discovery was sure to prove the greatest remedial agent of the age.

"The thirty days had passed. I was walking with a confidence upon a high and steep bluff that overlooks the charming valley of the Passumpsic. It was my tramp! Clothed in the garb of a gentleman, his countenance radiant with the flush of health, none would have recognized him as the miserable creature that besought me to give him a coin but a month ago. He was a living monument of the success of my great remedial discovery.

"It was very slippery upon the bluff. Sleet had fallen the day before and the path was icy and treacherous. My companion stepped too near the edge, and I warned him, but he laughed and continued on his perilous way. Suddenly he slipped and disappeared. The bluff was over a hundred feet high.

"He would be killed.

"He or two awful seconds that seemed like ages followed. I could not move. I looked over the bluff, but could see nothing more than a thin smoke curling slowly upward. I ran to the foot of the bluff by a circuitous route available to a man of my years and strength. Where was the tramp? He must have fallen right here. I could see nothing but riven rock. The awful truth flashed upon me. He had exploded.

"I never found so much as a hair of him. He must have become thoroughly impregnated with nitro-glycerine. My formula had failed. I had not succeeded in destroying the explosive property of the deadly agent. The tramp was never missed. No, that is not true. I missed him. I wanted to find out just how the human body received and retained explosive properties."

CHARLES V. BARTON.

Ford's Old Theater.

Abraham Lincoln was assassinated in Ford's Theater, and the building is now occupied by a branch of the Surgeon-General's office. Originally the office was erected for a church, a Baptist society, and for many years they worshipped there. Since the great tragedy the building has been converted into a Government office and a medical museum. As a Government office, it is a travesty upon hygiene. The Surgeon-General is the chief medical officer of the army, and yet that branch of his office is almost a National disgrace. It was the same under former Surgeon-Generals, and will be under the successor of the present incumbent, who will soon be retired on account of age. The building is dark and noisome. It is without a cellar, and the floor rests upon the ground. The records of the medical officers of the armies are shelved in alcoves into which the light of day never comes. Clerks are obliged to search those records by gas-light in mid-day. This custom has prevailed for more than twelve years past. How much longer will the infamy continue.

ALLEGED HUMOR.

Hints to Fathers Who Have Marriageable Daughters.

Train your clocks to strike only every two hours.

"You have a dog give it to some friend—for the time being.

Never grumble audibly about the dress-makers' and milliners' bills.

Always let the young man see that you wear your slippers in the evenings.

Take all the tidies from the sitting room chairs. Men are averse to tidies.

When you go to the theater a chaperone always hire a carriage to go home in and then fail to appear on the way.

An invitation to dinner once in awhile will either make the young man feel at home or else scare him off. This is a good way to learn his intentions.

Join the club to which the young man belongs, and, if necessary, ask him to see you home late at night. This will be an advantage to you, and also make the young man feel that he was "solid" with you.

To not make use of patent gas-extinguishers which turn out the lights out of ten o'clock. The young man might take it as a hint to go, and he had better regulate the light to suit himself and the girl—Judge.

The Grant Monument.

Raising a million of dollars for a monument in New York to General Grant is rather uphill work. Some of the rich people who talked loudest about building the monument immediately contribute very small sums. They remind us of the farmer who, on being approached by the agent of a proposed railroad, exclaimed vociferously:

"Yes, I am in favor of railroads first, last and all the time. You bet you can put me down as a man who will help build a railroad."

The agent was delighted. As the farmer was rich, the agent supposed that the farmer would take about fifty thousand dollars worth of the stock, so he took out his book and asked:

"How much stock shall I put you down for?"

"Waah," said the farmer, "I suppose you can put me down for seventy-five cents. It runs near my farm."—Texas Siftings.

He Had Had Experience.

Jewelry—You say you want some name engraved on this ring?

Young Man—Yes, I want the words: "George, to his dear Alice," engraved on the inside of the ring.

"Is the young lady consistent?"

"No, she is the young lady to whom I am engaged."

"Well, if I were you I would not have 'George' to his dear Alice engraved on the ring. If Alice goes back on you you can't use the ring again."

"What would you suggest?"

"I would suggest that the words be: 'George to his first and only love.' You see with that inscription you can use the ring half a dozen times. I have had experience in such matters, myself."—Texas Siftings.

Those Delightful Letters.

He—My darling—home at last! How can I ever thank you for those delightfully long and perfect letters which you sent so faithfully? There was only one thing lacking: you didn't say any thing about your instructors—all the professors. Do you know, I am dreadfully jealous of those professors.

She—You needn't be, Tom. I assure you I didn't mention any of them because the letters formed my regular essay work in English, and were corrected by Prof. Eye-glass and read a loud in class. Judge.

Needless Caution.

A man well known in his native town as always being behindhand in his affairs was driving rapidly down the street and accidentally ran over a colored man. Unable to stop his horse after the accident, the driver, true to nature, yelled out: "Hi there! get out of the way!" Upon which the darky, not being very much hurt, picked himself up as quickly as possible and hallooed back: "Fo' de Lord's sake, boss, yo' can't com' n' back agin, is you?"—Life.

The Bill Was All Right.

"Will you vote for my bill?" inquired the lobbyist of the legislator.

"No, sir," replied the latter; "your bill is a swindle."

"Why, man, you must have the wrong bill in mind. I mean this fifty-dollar bill!"

"Well, this appears to be a good bill," said the legislator, after examining it critically. "I'll vote for it, of course."—Puck.

The Eiffel Tower.

The Eiffel Tower reached its full height, eleven hundred and seventy-eight feet, March 31. A newspaper correspondent who was to the top says that the ascent by the staircase took forty minutes, by elevators it is to be made in five minutes. It is expected that the electric light on its top will enable one to read a newspaper at a distance of seven miles.

Positive Proof of It.

"Don't that beat you? Smith has got religion."

"Got religion? Why, he stole a horse on Monday."

"Never mind that. He has got religion, just the same."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he has quit shaving himself on Sunday."—Arcola Record.

The Authorship of It.

A correspondent wants to know the authorship of the line:

"He banded better than he knew."

The author was James Whitcomb Riley. He heard Bill Nye deliver his first lecture, and when asked how he succeeded Riley replied:

"He, Bill, did better than he knew—Bill did."—Texas Siftings.

A True Artist.

"When were you abroad, Mr. Pigment?"

"Never. Why?"

"Your paintings frequently have 'Paris, St.' below your signature."

"Ah, yes. That is nothing but an artistic touch, you know. Gives 'go' to the picture."—Bazar.

Economical.

She—Robert, I have a plan for saving money.

He—Indeed?

She—Yes. Coal is so cheap, you must sell your sailboat this spring and buy a steam yacht.—Time.

The Winter Bread Basket.

Customer (in New York City)—Let me have a two-pound loaf, please.

Clerk—You'll have to come in after awhile, sir. The boss has gone out and he took the combination of the safe with him.—Time.

An Error.

Miss Wadsworth—How delightfully your sister plays!

Miss Waldo—Why, my dear, that's the man in the back parlor tuning the piano.—Life.

Careful of His Health.

"Will you have a piece of my pie, Mr. Robinson?"

"Did the doctor say I must?" asked the invalid, meekly. And the landlady refused to answer.—Bazar.

A CANDID CRITICISM.

Mr. Sweet Receives a Picture—His Discussion with a Prominent New York Artist on the Same—An Interesting Art Talk.

BEFORE Christmas an express wagon paused in front of my humble palace in Harlem. A man with large red ears, all the tucks in which seemed to have been let out, extricated a box from his wagon and proceeded to deliver it at my door.

As it was from Arkansas I supposed it contained ripe persimmons, or some other tribute of respect from some admirer, hence I was very much elated, even after the man reminded me that there was a dollar and a half express charge on the box.

As I am the unfortunate victim of the ripe persimmon habit, I parted with the dollar and a half, and then with wild yelps of joy and a borrowed hatchet, I proceeded to tinker with the upper crust of the box.

Then I recall, and I will state, in the interest of science, that my recoil very much exceeded my propulsive velocity. In my anguish I used strong language, for there were no persimmons, or other delicacies in the box. It contained a picture of a beautiful girl, and a letter from Satterlee V. Jones, of Cottonwood, Ark. I started out of the house to recover the dollar and a half from the driver, but, alas! he had swum off, so to speak, with the assets.

Mr. Jones, who is one of the leading artists of Cottonwood, writes me as follows:

ALEX. E. SWEET, Esq., New York City—

Mr. Sweet, I send you a beautiful oil painting, a real gem, executed entirely by myself. As you will observe it is a landscape.

My object in sending you this gem is to enable you to compare it with imported paintings on exhibition in your city. My friends here say that it can not be equaled by any of the old masters in New York.

If you encourage me to do so, I shall move to New York in the spring. I am sure I would enjoy myself very much painting a little bit of scenery on the Hudson, rocks and trees and the like.

What I want is your candid, not your canted opinion, Mr. Sweet.

Yours truly,

SATTERLEE V. JONES.

Immediately sat down, and seizing my most sarcastic pen by the neck, wrote Mr. Jones as follows:

MY DEAR SIR: MANY thanks for your kindness in sending me the work of art, on which there was a dollar and a half unpaid express charges. While I am not an artist, still I am not entirely artless, so to speak.

Your little picture is undoubtedly a gem, and I congratulate you on your success as a genius.

A well-executed picture like the one before me is a perpetual teacher of refinement. A silent influence ever goes forth from a picture of that class. We feel its force and we order our lives accordingly. It grows into one's soul and leaves a dreamlike pleasure which years of hardship and toil can not obliterate. You can send back the dollar and a half by postal note or money order.

Thanking you again for the confidence bestowed on me, and hoing to hear from you soon, I remain, yours truly,

ALEX. E. SWEET.

P.S.—I was just about to mail this letter when I received a visit from my old friend, Prof. Mahlistick, of the National Academy of Design. Besides being one of the greatest of living painters, he is a recognized critic on all matters pertaining to art. Thinking you would like to have my favorable criticism, corroborated by such high authority, I submitted your picture to him. He examined it carefully, and turning it over looked on the back and asked:

"Well, what is it?"

After telling him that the unpaid express charges alone were one dollar and a half, I explained that it was a landscape, but he evidently did not believe me.

He insisted that the ecrú colored mountain in the background was a dromedary, and he called my attention to its four legs. I maintained that it was a mountain, but the professor said he had heard of the foot of a mountain, but no mountain ever had four legs. He rather got the better of me in the argument. I think you must have inadvertently painted the legs on that mountain. I know it placed me in a very awkward position, and the professor even intimated that I didn't know any more about art than you do, which is rather tough on me. I wish you would be more careful in the future before you put your legs.

We had another dispute about the two trees in the foreground. He could not understand why two men should stand on their heads and wave their legs around. He evidently mistook the limbs of the tree for the legs of men standing on their heads. He wanted to bet, but when I thought of that dollar and a half I hedged.

The professor is not quite satisfied with the cow. She is leaning back on her tail, and no real cow does that, hence he concluded that it must be a kangaroo, although the horns belonged to a ram. He said that he would compromise and take the supposed cow for a ship, but when he observed the absence of sparke he clung to the kangaroo theory, although, seen from one standpoint, it looked like the execution of Charles I.

The professor also expected me to tell him what was the meaning of the big red dog on the roof of the house, and what the masked raspberry wagon wheel was doing in the sky, that is if the raspberry wagon in the background is meant for the fruitbasket.

I told him that the red dog was a bird, and that the wheel was the setting sun. Am I right about it? Let me know about it when you remit the dollar and a half unpaid express charges.

In criticizing the picture, Prof. Mahlistick said something about the superiority of the inconsistent coloring within the confines of the foliage on the left, marring the tot ensemble, while the chabra occurred was altogether too *à la mode* and *à la trop*.

Perhaps you know what he means by these technical terms. I don't. The nearest I ever came to being an artist was when my father proposed to apprentice me to a painter and glazier.

When I spoke to the professor about your coming to New York and painting rocks and bits of scenery on the Hudson, he yawned and said the rag carpet in the background is meant for the fruitbasket.

I asked the professor if he couldn't give you any hints, and he told me to write you to get treated for color blindness, and to buy cheaper canvas; so you see, Satterlee, he takes considerable interest in you. He also said something about painting your nose, but I forgot what it was. However, he did say that your landscape reminded him of a busted vermilion factory.

I also questioned the professor in regard to your drawing. After examining once more very critically the drawing in your landscape, he said that he had no doubt but that your chances for drawing a turkey at a raffé were as good as anybody else's. In regard to what he called "technique" of your landscape, his criticism was less favorable. He said that you didn't know as much about "technique" as a double nose pointer knew about the refraction of light; and he

suggested that you devote your time to painting signs, fences, wagon bodies and the like. He also said that if you worked hard, and improved a great deal, you might become an amateur artist in about ten years.

I hope you will not find it unpleasant to take this advice. Very often advice is like castor oil—easy enough to give, but hard to take. However, console yourself with the idea that possibly the professor is actuated by motives of professional jealousy, and he is merely trying to discourage you from coming to New York.

Before closing this letter I desire to call your attention to the dollar and a half unpaid express charges that were almost wrenched from me by the expressman who delivered your pictures. Shall I draw on you for the amount? Your failure to reimburse me is calculated to set me back about six months in my finances.

It is true that my toes do not protrude through my boots into the atmosphere as conspicuously as they did when I first started in journalism, and my meals are assimilated with much greater regularity now than formerly; but, nevertheless, I feel the loss of that dollar and a half keenly. I should prefer to feel the dollar and a half itself.

You must remember that we New Yorkers have to be very economical in order to complete the Grant monument during the present century. At present, one of the first things that strikes the eye of the visitor is the bareness of the hill. The Grant monument is going to rise as soon as we have got the money.

All that we need to complete the one million dollar monument is the money. We have any number of designs of the monument, but the design to pay for it is much needed.

You would be surprised, my dear artist friend, and debtor to the tune of a dollar and a half, at the numberless people in New York who say Grant needs no monument, that they carry his memory in their hearts. They seem to have a working model in both houses. They are the same people who never have but one cigar about them when you want to smoke.

Every thing progresses in New York except the Grant monument fund, but if you will promptly remit the dollar and a half unpaid express charges I will give it a boom.

Prof. Mahlistick has examined your landscape again, and requests me to ask you to send him your photograph. He says he wants to see what the man looks like who painted that picture. You can send it when you remit the dollar and a half unpaid express charges. Send it at once. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, Yours truly,

ALEX. E. SWEET.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

The oldest known manuscript is part of the Iliad, found in Upper Egypt.

Epic poems derive their origin from the inscriptions placed by the ancients on tombs.

It was not an uncommon practice for the poor in the middle ages to sell themselves into slavery, or to become slaves by debt.

The Hohenzollerns, the reigning family of Prussia, retrace its origin to Thasilio, who, about 800, built the castle of Hohenzollern in Suabia.

A standard dictionary of the Chinese language, containing about forty thousand characters, was perfected by Pa-ot-shu, who lived about 1100 B. C.

The first American engraver on wood, Alexander Anderson, M. D., was born in New York, April 21, 1775, and died in Jersey City, N. J., January 6, 1850.

The Plymouth colony remained a commonwealth district until 1691, a period of seventy-one years, when, greatly to the chagrin of the colonists, they were included under the new royal charter for Massachusetts.

The battle of the Nile was fought August 1, 1798, between the French fleet under Brueys and the English under Nelson. It was at the commencement of this battle that Nelson exclaimed: "Victory or Westminister Abbey!"

The total number of prisoners at Andersonville was 49,485; largest number in prison at any one time (August 9, 1864), 33,000; total number of deaths, 12,402; average number of deaths for each of the thirteen months, 958; total number of deaths in one day (August 23, 1864), 97; total number of escapes, 328.

Ballooning, although the subject of a theory had engaged attention for many years, received its greatest influence from the discovery by Henry Cavendish in 1781 that hydrogen gas is 10.8 lighter than common air. Joseph Mongolfier originated the use of hot air in balloons in 1792. Charles Green introduced coal gas and used it in an ascent made July 19, 1821.

AN INGENUOUS SETTEE.

How to Make It and Where to Put It—A Good Suggestion.

A mantel-piece without a fire-place always gives the appearance that something is wanting. This air of vacancy is practically dispelled in the construction of a settee under the mantel-piece.

For this purpose take an ordinary nine box about four feet long, one and one-half feet high and two feet wide. On the top tack a cushion filled with excelsior packing. Along the wall, which serves as the back, fasten a piece of an old comforter or blanket.

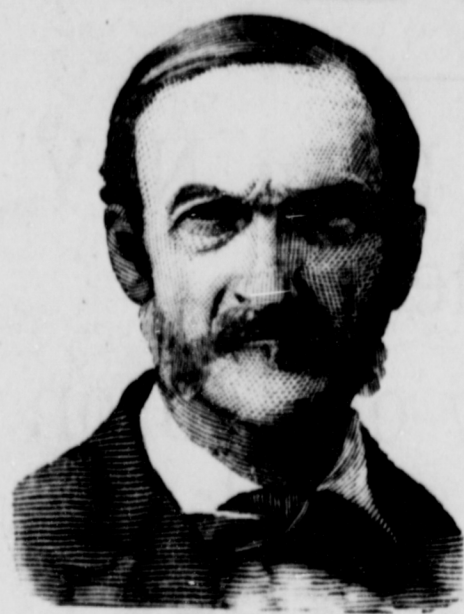
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When I spoke to the professor about your coming to New York and painting rocks and bits of scenery on the Hudson, he yawned and said the rag carpet in the background is meant for the fruitbasket.



BEN HARRISON.

The above, ladies and gentlemen, is not a picture of the man who is president of these United States by virtue of Wanamaker's money and negro solidarity, but gives a fair representation of a much better man. We do not know that he is pious at all, certainly not a "pious cuss" like the two individuals referred to, but we do know that he is as honest as the days are long and as it has been previously remarked, "An honest man is the noblest work of God." The reason we are so positively convinced of his honesty is that he has been treasurer of the Kentucky Press Association for many years. With untold wealth in his hands, he has not yielded to the temptation to fly to Canada, as is the fashion now-a-days, but has year after year accounted for every cent, and some times he has had as much as half a dozen that have been intrusted to his keeping.

Ben Harrison, "Uncle Ben," the boys call him, was born in Louisville in 1820 and at 18 began to learn to set type in the office of Shadrick Penn, in that city. In 1852 he began the publication of the *Hawesville Eagle*. Afterwards he went to Uniontown and started the *News*, which was too much "secessh" for the Federal troops, who confiscated the establishment and set Mr. Harrison adrift. He drifted to New Orleans—became foreman of a Spanish paper there and afterwards of the "Bee." Turning his head northward again he worked in St. Louis, Nashville, Cincinnati and Gallopis, and set type for Col. Hodges, while he was State printer at Frankfort. Twenty-five years ago he started the *Henderson News* upon which, to use his own expression he is still "sticking type, doing job work, selecting matter and scribbling editorials." His paper is a good one and besides for some other things, it is remarkable from the fact that no "personal or society matter" is ever permitted to mar its sober and sedate pages. Uncle Ben raised up two sons in the way he long has trod and they are both doing well, one in the *Kansas City Times* office and the other in a printery in Milwaukee. For a man of 70 Uncle Ben is remarkably jolly and active and never fails to get off something strikingly grotesque and original in making his annual report to the wealthy body of which he will continue to be treasurer till he is called to his reward with the plaudit, "Because thou hast been faithful over a few things I will make thee ruler over many."

MOVED TO PITTY.—"It grieves me to give you pain, Mr. Ferguson, but I fear it can never be. Try, try to forget me." "I'll try, Miss Lizzie," replied the young man in a melancholy, hopeless way. "Absorbed in the vortex of business, as I shall be henceforth, I may be able to still the clamor of my aching heart, and banish your sweet image from my mind."

"Then you contemplate going into business?" "I have made arrangements," he said in a hollow voice, "to open a large retail confectionary store."

"Oh, George!" exclaimed the beautiful girl wildly, as she flung herself into his arms, "the sight of your suffering is more than I can bear. I am yours!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

A post-mortem examination of the body of John Martino, who recently died in the Jersey City Hospital, shows that the man had lived six days after a bullet had passed through his heart. Martino accidentally shot himself while cleaning a revolver. County Physician Converse made the autopsy. He found that the bullet passed through Martino's heart, displacing the organ, and the cavity was filled with blood. Dr. Converse will prepare an elaborate report of the case.—*New York Herald*.

"A Daytonian wrote to Senator Inghalls, mildly protesting against the action of the Senator in voting against the confirmation of Mr. Halstead. The Senator amiably replied: "Nothing consoles me for the forfeiture of your good opinion but the maintenance of my self-respect."

"They poked a porous plaster into it and then it began to play," is the way a boy described an organette.

SPOLIING THE SHOW.—Bishop Temple, of London, says that he was once worshipping in an East End church where a hearty musical service is a distinguishing feature, and he joined in the service to the best of his ability. He has a stentorian voice, and the effect of his effort on those near him may be imagined.

At the conclusion of the second verse of the hymn the patience of a working-man on his immediate left seemed fairly exhausted.

Not recognizing the dignity beside him, the poor man, in sheer desperation, gave a sharp dig in the ribs of the Bishop, who, on turning for an explanation, was thus addressed in subdued but distinct tones:

"I say, gov'ner, von dry up! You're spoiling the whole show."—*Youth's Companion*.

Some years ago an American sailor named Carl Benjamin was wrecked on one of the largest of the Caroline Islands. He decided to make the island his home as there was no work to be done and plenty to eat. The natives, who were good natured, took kindly to him and have made him their king. He is a somewhat scholarly man and is diligently teaching the natives English and the rudiments of civilized life. He has 20 wives and 50 children. Nothing, he says, would induce him to go back to his old home, Newburyport, Mass.

E. Randall, the mountain evangelist of West Virginia, some years ago went over the State painting texts on rocks and walls. He decorated all sorts of waste places with the text, "What Shall I do to be Saved?" A patent medicine man came along later and painted just below this wherever he could find it, "Use Blank's Cure for Consumption." The quaint combination got into the papers, and Randall, seeing it, went back over his route with his paint and pot and added below the text: "And Prepare to Meet thy God!"

An exchange rightly says, the school-ma'm is the guiding star of the republic. She takes the little bantling fresh from the home nest and full of its points and passions, an ungovernable little wretch whose own mother often admits that she sends him to school to get him out of the way. The school-ma'm takes a whole, ear-load of these little anarchists and puts them in the way of becoming useful citizens. At what expense of patience, toil and soul weariness! Do not imagine she is ever compensated by the salary she receives.

"Say," said the small boy to his big sister's best young man, "have you got thunder yet?"

"Thunder? No! What makes you ask such a question, my little man?"

"Why, my pop said he was going to give you thunder the next time he caught you around here, and—"

"Willy! Leave the room!" commanded his sister—and he left. But his sister's young man didn't stay long after that.—*Drake's Magazine*.

One of the small humbugs of the day is the advertising card of a coming theatrical attraction. On the reverse side printed a pretty, highly colored picture, beneath which is the caution to read the other side, and afterward immerse the card in water, picture uppermost, for three days, then watch carefully the result. It is needless to add the result is nil, but the scheme is rather clever, for it insures, six times out of ten, the careful preservation of the card.—*New York Sun*.

A queer, but true, story comes from Neshannock, east of Sharon, Pa., where lived an old lady 82, who wanted to go to Iowa, but was afraid to because she had never traveled on the railroad. She remarked to a friend at the station that it would be her first and perhaps last ride on the cars. Several days ago friends in Iowa received word that she had actually died on the train. The noise and excitement had been too much for her.

A correspondent attributes his new growth of hair to the frequent use of the yolks of an egg. After rubbing his head thoroughly with the yolk, he rinsed it off with tepid water, and he advises others becoming bald to follow exactly the same course. He thinks the treatment efficacious because of the sulphur in the egg.—*Scientific American*.

A gentleman in jumping off a street car the other day fell and rolled into the gutter. While brushing the dirt from his clothes a little girl ran up to him and said: "Mister, please do it again. Mama didn't see you that time."—*Philadelphia Press*.

A Revivalists at Tama, Ia., recently asked all of the congregation who paid their debts to rise. All rose but an editor, who explained that he didn't pay his debts because the rest of the congregation owed him on subscriptions.

"The grass widow doesn't wear weeds" remarks a facetious exchange. Very true, but she is much given to making hay while the sun shines.—*Louisville Times*.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.—Once upon a time a very Good and Pious Parson saw a Bibulous Man coming out of a Saloon in a state of Mild and Melancholy Intoxication.

"Oh, my Friend," cried the Pious Parson, "I am very Sorry to see you coming out of such a Place."

"Is that so?" replied the Bibulous Man, in a Thick and Tearful Voice. "Well, I'll go right Back Again." And he did so, leaving the Pious Parson standing on the sidewalk in Great amazement.—*Washington Critic*.

The abscess in Sam Owens' throat has broken and he is in fair way to recovery. Mr. T. M. PENNINGTON and Miss Foxie, who have been down with malaria, are recovering.

MAYOR BURNSIDE was much better yesterday. PERINE BLACKBERRY, years ago a citizen of this place, now of Versailles, was in town yesterday.

It is said that 2 ounces of camphor dissolved in a pint of kerosene will cure the most obstinate case of rheumatism.

The Times has more than once had its little fling at Judge Durham, but it meant no harm, and hopes no harm was done. Judge Durham is an honest man, an able man and an excellent official. If he wants to be State Treasurer of Kentucky he can lay Judge Sharp on the cooling-board. If he chooses to wait for the auditorship, he can flatten Fayette Hewitt out flatter than Hewitt has flattened himself. Whenever the Judge wants anything he has only to ask Kentucky for it.—*Glasgow Times*.

We hear a great deal about the "prodigal sons" and the rejoicing over their returns to home and virtue, but, alas! alas! we hear but little about the poor, "prodigal daughters." Fathers, neighbors and society generally, extend warm hands and bright smiles to the reformed reprobate boy; but how do they encourage the reformed reprobate girl? Our dear sisters in Zion—how sweetly they smile on the repentant rake!—but how do they look on the repentant victim.—*Jessamine Journal*.

Gen. Franz Sigel, an honorable old soldier, retires from the Pension Office in New York broken by years and by sorrow over the misconduct of his son. A son of the late Henry Ward Beecher has disgraced the name of his great father by a crime against the government. There is common regret that the memory of the most famous of American pulpit orators and one of the most popular patriots should be shadowed by a petty and needless crime by an unworthy descendant.

SEEDS IN A POUND.—The Illinois experiment station has determined by actual count the number of seeds per pound of these grasses: In one pound of red top there are 4,136,000 seeds; bluegrass 2,185,000; timothy 1,421,000; orchard grass 57,000; tall meadow oat grass 155,000; white clover 863,000; crimson trefoil 152,000; mammoth red clover 304,000; common red clover 333,000.—*Boston Budget*.

Lawyer to timid young woman—"Have you ever appeared as a witness before?" Young woman (blushing)—"Yes, sir, of course." Lawyer—"Please state to the jury just what suit it was." Young woman, with more confidence—"It was a nun's veiling, shirred down the front and trimmed with a lovely blue with hat to match." Judge (rapping violently)—"Order in the court!"

For hoarseness or sore throat, roast a lemon slowly until it is thoroughly done, soft, but not broken. Cut a hole in the top while hot, fill it with granulated sugar and eat just before going to bed. The effect is to induce quiet perspiration and "cut" the tough mucus that alters the voice.

Cough! and Cough!! and Cough!!! What is the worst is the reason you will cough and keep coughing and still keep trying inferior medicines when Beag's Cherry Cough Syrup will positively relieve your cough at once? This is no advertising scheme, but an actual fact and we guarantee it. A. R. Penny, druggist.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

Renews Her Youth. Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town. I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from pain and soreness and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth and removed completely all disease and pain. Try a bottle, cost and \$1, at A. R. Penny's Drug Store.

Is Consumption Incurable? Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, and am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made." Jesse Middlewint, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption I would have died of Lung Trouble. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health. Try it. Sample bottles free at A. R. Penny's drugstore."

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK

Our efforts are in the direction of

Honest Goods at Low Prices!

And give you the assurance that in purchasing from us you will get

The Best Value for the Least Possible Money.

Good sense is always displayed by people who buy the Best Goods, because

The Best Are Always the Cheapest

In the long run, as everybody knows. And this is particularly true in buying

Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Trunks, &c.

On account of our Large Stock, we are now offering Great

Inducements

To Buyers, and we invite you to come and see us.

THE LOUISVILLE STORE!

Main st., Stanford.

M. SALINGER, Manager.

The Lebanon Enterprise gets off this whopper:

"Mr. Wm. Severance our model County Clerk, and Mr. C. E. Woods, one of the editors of the *Richmond Register* and the brightest young editor in the State, went fishing Thursday and caught a catfish out of the Rolling Fork which weighed 45 pounds, and the stomach when opened contained \$3 in one and two cent coppers, a small gold ring, an infant's safety pin attached to a piece of rag, a sleeve button, a collar button, a pocket corkscrew and an empty dinner bucket."

A mother on Delaware avenue was on Sunday giving her child, a boy of seven years, some Bible instruction. She was telling him the story of Adam's fall. Having narrated the tale of the apple and what mischief it did, the mother asked: "Now, don't you think Adam did very wrong to eat the apple?" The little fellow thought a moment and then answered: "Why, would it have been polite to refuse the apple when the lady offered it to him?"—*Buffalo Courier*.

How can Parents Allow their children to cough and strain and cough and calmly say "Oh, it is only a little cold," and keep giving them cheap and dangerous medicines until they are down with the lung fever or consumption, when they can be so easily relieved by Beag's Cherry Cough Syrup? It has no superior and few equals. A. R. Penny, druggist.

What On Earth Is the reason people will not, can not or do not see any difference in cheap nostrums put up by Cheap John houses or irresponsible parties at enormous profits, rather than take a medicine of world-wide reputation and one that is giving universal satisfaction at equal price? No medicine in the world is giving such unparalleled satisfaction for Beag's Blood Purifier and Blood-Maker, and every bottle that does not do its work will cost you nothing. A. R. Penny, druggist.

SOME FACTS About the Carriage Trade.

We want to assure the people of Lincoln county that they can buy any vehicle they want right here in Stanford as cheap and as good as they can get them anywhere else. There is not within a radius of fifty miles of Stanford a larger or better selected stock of Buggies, Carriages, Surreys, Phaetons, Buck Board Carts and Spring Wagons than we now have in stock. All of them have been selected from the Standard Manufacturers of the country and a number of our styles were built with a special view to the wants of our customers.

We have some fine light carriages and surreys that can not be excelled for lightness, beauty, style and quality. We handle various qualities, but in cheap work we handle only the better grade of such.

We sell all our grades at uniform prices, commensurate with the quality; invariably tell our customers candidly just the quality each vehicle possesses, so far as we know it, and with our experience of 15 years in the business we are seldom deceived though it is true that the most conscientious dealer or manufacturer will sometimes be disappointed in the quality of his goods; but we will in the future, as we have invariably done in the past, fully protect our customers against any defects that may develop in any vehicle that we sell, which is an advantage that is most always invariably lost where vehicles are bought away from home.

We have the goods, the styles, the quality and prices, and guarantee to fully protect you. What else can we do? What more can you ask? Don't you think we deserve the trade of our own county? At any rate, come and see our goods and learn our prices, and if you are not already convinced we think you surely will be.

Respectfully, GEO. D. WEAREN, Manager.

M. F. Brinkley

Is a Candidate for Clerk of the Court of Appeals subject to the action of the democratic party. Election August, 1890.

WOOD & WALLACE,

Men's Outfitter!

215 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, - - Kentucky.

FARMERS, Traders, Horsemen and Stockmen of the counties of Marion, Boyle, Lincoln, Garrard and Washington will find all the news relating to matters of interest to them in the leading paper of the Central Kentucky, issued Tuesday and Friday of each week, \$2 per year. Send 30 cents and try it for three months. Address B. G. Boyle, Business Manager, Danville, Ky.

Attention, Coal Burners.

I keep on hand a No. 1 quality of Jellico, Lily and Nut Coal in my yard. Leave your orders at Vard's or S. S. Myers' store and they will be attended to promptly. J. B. HIGGINS, Stanford Ky.

SAW MILL FOR SALE! Also Land and Stock.

As I desire to leave Kentucky I will sell at great sacrifice 2 saw mills complete with 30 horse boilers and 20 horse engines, 2 saw works, 1 ox log wagon, 2 2-horse wagons, 1 buckboard, 1 spring wagon and harness, 3 yokes of cattle, 3 mules, 1 horse, grain mill complete, and my farm of 500 acres of good land well timbered. Will sell privately. M. F. SMITH, Maywood, Ky.

Rails, Shingles and Shoes For Sale.

Ten Thousand Flat Rails and 10,000 Popular Shingles. I have on hand Men's, Women's, Misses' and Children's Shoes, made by Alter, Forwood & Co. and Mundell, which I will sell at the very lowest prices. I have bought them and they must be sold. My stock is complete and those who want bargains can get them by calling. I mean business. W. C. BAILEY, Turnersville.

TO CONTRACTORS!

Sealed proposals will be received for the construction of 4 1/2 miles of the Highland & Wayne turnpike, in Lincoln county, from the present Southern terminus to Waynesburg. Proposals will be considered for the whole or sections of 1/2 mile and contracts will be let on last Saturday in April, 1890. Right reserved to reject all bids. Plans and specifications can be seen and other information received upon application to the undersigned at his office in Stanford.

W. H. MILLER, President.

O. H. M'ROBERTS, M. D., STANFORD, KY.

Office on Lancaster Street, opposite Court-House

Having removed to this place from Liberty, to practice his profession, calls the attention of the public to the fact that he will be ready at all hours, day or night to answer calls in town or country. Thirty years of his life were spent in Stanford and he deems it unnecessary to speak of his ability as a physician and surgeon. A share of the patronage of the people of Stanford and vicinity is asked by him.

COMPLEXION DR. HEBRA'S VIOLA-CREAM. THIS preparation, without injury, removes Freckles, Liver-Moles, Pimples, Black-Heads, Sunburn and Tan. A few applications will render the most stubborn red skin soft, smooth and white. Viola Cream is not a paint or powder to cover defects, but a remedy to cure. It is superior to all other preparations, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. At drug-gists or mailed for 50 cents. Prepared by G. C. BITTNER & CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

For Sale at McRoberts & Staggs, Stanford, Ky.

W. B. PENNY DENTIST.

Office on Lancaster street, opposite court-house Stanford, Ky.

H. B. WILSON, —With— THOMPSON & BOYD.

Manufacturers of Fine Saddles and Harness, in every style and finish known to the trade. Race and Trotting Equipments a specialty. No. 53 East Main Street, LEXINGTON, Ky.

THE NAPIER HOUSE, LIBERTY, KY. F. W. WARRINER, PROP'R.

I have leased the above Hotel and intend running it in first-class style in every particular. Special attention to commercial men. 85-2m

STANFORD ROLLER MILLS.

All persons wishing a pleasant life and well pleased wife let them use Patent Flour made at Stanford Roller Mills. Call for it at your grocery, and if they have not got it on hand, urge them to keep it, or get an order from them and get it at the Mill and I will guarantee a pleasant and interesting family.

W. N. POTTS, Superintendent.

THE GALT HOUSE, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

THE LARGEST AND FINEST HOTEL IN THE CITY.

RATES \$2.50 TO \$4 PER DAY, ACCORDING TO ROOMS.

TURKISH & RUSSIAN BATHS IN HOTEL.

GANTER'S CHICKEN Cholera Cure!



Thousands of dollars worth of chickens die every year from Cholera. It is more fatal to chickens than all other diseases combined. But the discovery of a remedy that positively cures it has been made, and to be convinced of its efficacy only requires a trial. A 50-cent bottle is enough for one hundred chickens. It is guaranteed. If, after using two-thirds of a bottle, the buyer is not thoroughly satisfied with it as a cure for Chicken Cholera, return it to the undersigned and your money will be refunded.

For by sale McRoberts & Staggs, Stanford

JUDGE DURHAM is no longer first controller, his resignation tendered March 5th having been abruptly accepted before his successor was named. The reason for this summary action grew out of his disagreement with Attorney General Miller in regard to allowing Chief Supervisor of Elections Davenport an account for \$3,200, claimed to have been expended for carriage hire, fine badges, &c. Judge Durham positively refused to pass favorably on it, even after the President and Miller had "O. K.'d" it and some sharp words passed between the Hoosier law partner of the president and the honest Kentuckian, the latter latter leaving Miller's office in indignation and refusing to return when he was sent for. The account was unlawful, Miller had made himself obnoxious concerning it and Judge Durham was immovable. This is the real reason for accepting the judge's resignation before his successor was appointed, but it is given out as the reason by Secretary Windom that Judge Durham had inspired some newspaper articles against the administration and had withdrawn his application for Civil Service Commissioner on the ground that he could not stand Harrison and his crowd. This action of the powers that be has only served to increase the affection in which Judge Durham is held by democrats everywhere and makes him the more solid in his native State. The Courier-Journal's Washington correspondent, who has had opportunity to post himself on the matter he affirms, says: "It is an honor for Judge Durham to be dismissed from the service under these circumstances. He has made a splendid record. It can be truly stated that he has conducted the business of his office honorably, conscientiously, and carefully, and it is doubtful if any man has filled the office with as much care for the people's money as Milton J. Durham. Mr. Cleveland regarded him as one of the most correct and upright men in the public service. The only class of men with whom Judge Durham was unpopular were the claim agents and men who desired to get their illegal accounts approved. His strict business and economical habits in transacting the public business undoubtedly saved hundreds of thousands of dollars to the treasury. The amount of money paid out under warrants signed by him and settled by him in four years amounted to \$1,200,000,000. He has had to watch nearly 200 disbursing agents in paying out this enormous amount, and it is remarkable that not a dollar has been lost to the Government."

Down in Louisville the other day a young husband, whose pretty wife had been greatly annoyed by the attentions of a masquerader, got out his gun and procuring a cowhide, laid for the fellow. He soon came along and suspecting nothing wrong, he began to force himself as usual upon the notice of the young woman. With the raw-hide under her apron, she rather told her persecutor along until she reached the place where her husband was secreted when he came out and leveled his weapon at the masquerader, who started to run. Telling him that if he moved an inch he would let daylight through his carcass, the masquerader came to a halt and the wife began to belabor him with the lash until he begged piteously for mercy. Then under a solemn oath that he would never re-try his game on her or any other woman, he was permitted to go, the worst crest-fallen dude that ever lived. The remedy was heroic, but the case demanded such treatment and the cure will no doubt be lasting and permanent.

The prohibition sentiment seems destined to die in the place of its birth—the New England States. First New Hampshire, then Rhode Island and now Massachusetts have voted against constitutional amendments prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. The last election was held in Massachusetts, the greatest of the New England States, and the result was an almost overwhelming defeat of prohibition, the majority against it being stated all the way from 40,000 to 50,000. Having tried prohibition the people of that section seem to have lost confidence in it and are now for high license regulation.

AUDITOR HEWITT's long promised libels suits against L. E. Casey, of the Covington Commonwealth, and A. Y. Ford and C. C. Givens, of the Owensboro Inquirer, for \$50,000 each, have at last been filed in the Jefferson Court of Common Pleas. The question of jurisdiction caused the delay, but it seems that he might have chosen any other court in the State to the one he did. Both papers charge Hewitt with complicity in Tate's defalcation, claiming that no other construction of his own testimony can be adduced.

OUR friend, J. M. Richardson, of the Glasgow Times, has reached the topmost round of the ladder of fame. A jackass has been named for him and will sing his praises in that melodious strain so familiar to the Kentucky ear. Who, Jim Richardson?

The grand rush into the promised land of Oklahoma occurred at noon Monday, when it is said that 40,000 people crossed the line in one minute. Horses were goaded to their utmost speed in the scramble for desirable claims and the 2,000,000 acres were occupied in an incredible space of time. The rapidity with which work was done is shown in the fact that where a wilderness stood in the morning, the city of Guthrie appeared at night with 15,000 inhabitants, a \$50,000 bank, a daily newspaper, and a postoffice. A town election was held in the afternoon and a municipal government inaugurated before nightfall. Three murders had also occurred in the space of 24 hours, though there were no general collisions of interests, as had been predicted. The scenes of the day were the most remarkable in the history of populating the West, and is being graphically described by correspondents on the spot. The fertility of the country and its general desirability, it is said, have been greatly overstated and that it is far from being the "Garden of Eden" the boomers seem to imagine it to be.

MILLERSBURG enjoys the honor of having a flourishing male and a still more flourishing female college. As is usual the boys attempt to force their attentions on the girls by serenading them nightly. The girls bore the infliction of the murderous music for several nights, when forbearance ceasing to be a virtue they decided to stop the proceedings. Procuring a lot of stale eggs about a 100 of them let loose at their tormentors, who took to their heels, not, however, until several of their suits had been spoiled by the contact of the eggs against them. The boys are fearfully mad and vow to be revenged.

THE Frankfort Capital says that those newspapers and politicians who are losing sleep on account of the fear that the State convention will be called on to endorse Auditor Hewitt, can rest their souls in peace. It is not customary to endorse any officer except the governor, and even this has been grown to be such a *posse comitatus* business that it is no longer a compliment. As for endorsing the subordinate officials of the State government, that idea had never been heard of until the luxuriant imagination of some bright youngster brought it to the front and used it to point a paragraph about Auditor Hewitt.

ALTHOUGH Adair county is nearly evenly divided in its democratic and republican vote, the Spectator, a democratic paper, is flourishing to such an extent that it has had to increase from a 5-column folio to a 6-column, while the republican sheet had to suspend after a precarious existence of about 12 months. The majority of the republican voters in this State are negroes and persons unable to read, or there would be fewer republicans. Meanwhile we salute you, gentlemen of the Spectator, and congratulate you on your success.

A TERRIBLE death from delirium tremens is reported from Cave City. Bill Slinker was the victim and his ravings were terrible in the extreme. He drank a gallon of whisky and six buckets of ice water during the 12 hours preceding his death and nine hours after it blood continued to issue from his mouth and nose in a stream. All drinkers will not suffer a like fate, but all are liable to, therefore if you would remain on the side of safety and run no risks, touch not, taste not, handle not.

ANOTHER decision of Looter Tanner will have a very debilitating effect upon the treasury, as it provides a way for innumerable increases. Hereafter, he says, total disability shall be held to exist when the affected member, by reason of wound, injury or disease, is useless in the performance of ordinary manual labor, and by manual labor is meant such work as is commonly done by day laborers in the ordinary acceptance of that term.

SENATORS QUAY and Sherman have fallen out over the spoils and are abusing each other like fishwives. Quay charges Sherman with bad faith and dishonorable conduct, but such a charge comes with bad grace from so notorious a trickster as Quay. They are all a bad lot, though, and when they fall out honest people may get their dues.

EDITOR CHAVENS, of the Barbourville News, has just found his papers sent out September 27th last quietly reposing in a sack in the postoffice. He takes the matter remarkably easy, considering the circumstances, though if he were to kill the postmaster we have no doubt he could be acquitted on the ground of justifiable homicide.

HEWITT's libel suit hasn't scared the Owensboro Inquirer worth a cent. It claims it has charged nothing it cannot prove and if it does not it is ready to turn over to him one of the best news paper properties in the State of Kentucky outside of our larger contemporaries of Louisville.

A. L. Sharp gets the postoffice at Rockhold, Whitley county.

F. A. Laidley's pork packing house, Cincinnati, burned; loss \$250,000.

R. L. Kinham has been appointed P. M. at Meadow Creek, in Whitley.

At a meeting of the city council of Paris the license for retailing liquor was raised from \$100 to \$200 and beer license from \$25 to \$50. There are upwards of 40 places in that city where liquors are retailed.

NEWS CONDENSED.

A salt trust is the latest.

There are 884 paper mills in the U. S.

Joe Lambert, who murdered Ben Walker in Louisville, was acquitted.

The examining surgeons in the pension service are paid \$1,000,000 a year.

A hotel is being built at Pewee Valley, near Louisville, for a summer resort.

J. W. Sherwood has been appointed Superintendent of Transportation on the C. & O.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland has leased a cottage at Marion, Mass., for the coming season.

The civic and industrial parade of the coming Washington centennial will be nearly 13 miles long.

Rev. C. H. Morse, of Piesville, Tenn., a prominent republican politician is under arrest for counterfeiting.

In Mason county, S. C., robbers killed a family of six persons and burned their bodies with their homes.

The full returns from the Massachusetts election show a majority of 44,000 against the prohibition amendment.

The wreck of our war vessels in the Samoan harbor of Apia entailed a loss to the United States of over \$2,500,000.

William Koons, in jail at Anderson, Ind., tried to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a tin-type picture.

They say that Gussie Willson will get the district attorneyship notwithstanding Jolly's original Harrison man business.

Congressman Springer is going to introduce a bill at the next session of Congress for the election of postmasters by the people.

Warren Taylor confesses that he and four others, including a deputy sheriff, took the Plummersville, Ark., ballot box off and burned it.

The seal catch for the last six weeks off the coast of New Foundland is 450,000, valued at over \$1,000,000. A seal is valued at only \$2.50 there.

Gov. Buckner declined an invitation to the centennial banquet at New York when informed that a deposit of \$15 would be required of him.

During a terrific thunder storm at Trinity Lake, Ct., a house was struck by lightning and an entire family rendered unconscious, two being killed.

Squire John P. McGrath, a magistrate for a number of years in Louisville, was given 24 hours in jail and fined \$25 by Judge Toney, for attempting to bribe a juror.

Ex-Senator Lybrook, of Patrick county, Va., which has suffered so severely from forest fires, says several hundred people are homeless and begging for bread.

In her hurry to get ready to go to Orton's circus, the Barbourville News says Miss Ottilie Potter fell and had one of her eyelids torn clear out by a pair of old pot-hooks.

It is stated that Washington county, which is to celebrate the Washington centennial next week in grand style, was the first to be named for the father of his country.

John W. Lewis, of Springfield, is likely to get the Louisville District Collectorship and John Feland the Owensboro, but who will succeed Col. Bronston is yet unknown.

Jesse R. Middleton, until recently a partner in the New York Store, Louisville, died Tuesday, his death being caused by worry over the litigation between himself and partner.

Sidney Walters, a prodigal and disgraced English army officer, wedded to an actress and living like a lord, donned full evening dress in Chicago and committed suicide by taking morphine.

The French have spent \$250,000,000 upon the Panama canal, and DeLesseps announces that he can finish the concern by an additional expenditure of \$200,000,000. Only 15 miles have been completed.

A great Masonic jubilee was held in New York Wednesday when 717 lodges, with a membership of nearly 100,000 celebrated the extinction of the debt created during the Mor an excitement 50 years ago.

Mrs. Mary Myers, a Louisville woman, 70 years of age, has suffered from dropsy over 40 of them, and has in that time been tapped 107 times. The last was a few days ago, when nearly 5 gallons of water were drawn off.

At Halifax C. H., Va., Scott Bailey, negro, attempted to rape a young white woman. He was arrested, confessed his crime and was hanged by a mob from the same place from which Bruce Younger was hanged less than a year ago for a similar offense.

Back Combs, a noted desperado, was killed in the street at Jackson, Breathitt county, Wednesday night. He fell on his face shot twice in the bowels and once in the leg by a load of buckshot from a shotgun fired from an upstairs window over Hargis' store.

The City of Paris on her first trip to New York consumed an average of 285 tons of coal per day. On the day when she scored 498 knots, it is probable that at least 300 tons of coal were burned. This would require over 2,000 tons for trip and a dead weight of 4,000,000 pounds.

The President of the Board of Health of Sanford, Fla., has notified Surgeon General Hamilton, of the Marine Hospital Service, that a case of yellow fever exists in that city. Every precaution has been taken to prevent the spread of the disease and no danger is apprehended.

The motion for a change of venue in the Hawes murder case at Birmingham, Ala., was overruled and the trial begun. Hawes is charged with the murder of his wife and two children and it was over his carcass the 20 men lost their lives at the hands of a sheriff's posse sworn to protect him.

Now is your chance to buy a locomotive. The fine ones of 105,000 pounds weight, which the Vandalia has just received from the Pittsburgh Locomotive works, cost but \$9,000 against \$10,200 three years ago. The new passenger engine of the same make, weighing 91,000 pounds, cost but \$8,700.

Capt. Hamilton Murrell, commander of the Missouri, is being lionized in the most enthusiastic manner in Philadelphia for so successfully rescuing the Denmark's 735 helpless people. Preparations are being made in Baltimore to do him every possible honor, and King Christian, of Denmark, proposes to decorate him.

To-day is the 70th anniversary of the order of Odd Fellows and will be appropriately observed everywhere. The order was founded by Thomas Willey, who established a lodge in Baltimore. This lodge originally had five members. There are now in the order over 8,000 lodges and more than 500,000 members, most of them in the United States and Canada.

FARM AND TRADE ITEMS.

Wool wanted, 100,000 pounds. A. T. Nunnally.

Three good milk cows and calves for sale. Hugh Seargent.

The Hutchcraft farm of 275 acres, 4 miles from Paris, sold for \$24,000.

Ben W. Gaines, Jr., bought of Noel, of Madison, a combined gelding for \$120.

M. F. Elkin bought of James Givens 5 heifers at \$20 and a milk cow for \$30.

William Burton, of Buckeye, sold to J. C. Robinson, of this county, a nice colt at \$65.

William Porter sold to Jake Robinson a combined gelding for \$140, and bought of C. L. Robinson a yearling colt for \$77.

In Cincinnati good butcher cattle are in demand at \$3 to 4. Shippers are dull at \$3 to 4; hogs are easy at 4 to 4.90; sheep steady at \$3 to 5; yearling lambs 4 to 6.

Wm. Lang, miller at Walsh's distillery, ground 117½ bushels of corn in one hour Friday night, on a pair of top-burners. This is said to have downed the best record in the county.—Paris News.

Capt. E. T. Rochester has already engaged 22,000 bushels of the new crop of wheat at 70 to 75 cents delivered at the Stanford Roller Mills. He says the prospect for a large crop was never more promising.

The will of the late R. W. Givens bequeaths the farm upon which he resided to W. P. Givens, who will continue to cultivate it. He and the old gentleman have lived there alone for the last five years.

The new Kansas City track will be completed about July 1. The improvements are to cost \$75,000 and will include besides the track and stables, an amphitheatre with a seating capacity of 10,000 and a club-house.

Tom Ferrell sold to A. T. Nunnally for the Peacock Coal Co., 52 barrels of corn delivered on the cars at \$2. Tom says he could have sold the corn at the same price last fall and not lost about 20 barrels by shrinkage and the rats.

A beet root sugar factory in California, in a run of two months, made a net profit of \$25,000, equal to five per cent. upon the amount invested. It used 14,079 tons of beets, and produced 1,640 tons of sugar, or about one ton of sugar to 8½ tons of beets.

The general average condition of the American wheat crop April 11, according to the monthly report of the Agricultural Department, was 94 per cent., a better showing than any since 1884, when the average was 95.4 per cent. in the month of April. The percentage of the Kentucky crop is 97 per cent.

Jos. Haas has bought in the past few weeks between 30,000 and 40,000 lbs. of wool at 25 cents per pound. Farmers say the wheat was never looking better at this season of the year. Some of it has already begun to head out. James B. Leavell, of Bryansville, lost from fire his large barn, containing three fine roadsters, about 75 barrels of corn and a number of valuable farm implements.—Advocate.

WINCHESTER COURT.—J. A. Ramsey, auctioneer, reports about 200 cattle on the market. Twenty head extra steers, weight 1,240 pounds, brought \$4.25 and \$1 premium on the head; 32 good steers, 1,290 pounds, \$3.93; 10 head, 1,140 lbs., \$3.71; 49 good calves brought \$20 per head. The recent dry spell has seriously affected the tobacco beds in some parts of the county. In other places serious complaints are made of the inroads of the fly.—Democrat.

The Kentucky Association successfully inaugurated its 100th racing anniversary Wednesday at Lexington. The first race for 3-year-olds, 6 furlongs, was won by Long Roll in 1:17. Marchma 2d, Queen of Trumps 3d; second race, for maiden fillies, 2-year-old, 4 furlongs, won by Daisy F. in 52; Gracie M. 2d, Happiness 3d. L. M. Lasley ran Silence in this race and Ed Jones his mare, Lady Jones. The 3d race, 5 furlongs, was won in 1:07 by Grayson, Palisade 2d, Samaritan, another of Lasley's horses, 3d. The 4th race, 6 furlongs, was taken by Miss Hood in 1:20, Walsatch 2d, Cheeny 3d.

SEEDS!

N. Y. Early Rose, N. Y. Peerless,

N. Y. Beauty of Hebron, N. Y. Burbank SEED POTATOES!

The Best Seed Sweet Potatoes.

GARDEN SEEDS

--IN--

PAPER AND BULK

Sea Shells for Graves, Walks, &c.

BARGAINS IN PRESERVES, SWEET PICKLES, DRIED FRUITS, CANNED GOODS, &c.

Fresh Brown Leghorn Eggs for Setting.

T. R. WALTON,

J. P. Burton, Clerk.

Main and Somerset Streets.

B. K. WEAREN,

—Dealer In—

Furniture and Undertakers' Goods! STANFORD, KY.

The Largest, Cheapest and Best Assorted Stock of Wall Paper, Border, Ceiling Decorations and Window Shades

Ever exhibited in Stanford. Furniture and Undertakers' Stock is full and complete. We call special attention to our

INDESTRUCTIBLE BURIAL CASKET.

The best Casket of the kind ever invented.

Embalming under the most approved method when desired.

J. C. McClary, Salesmen and Embalmer.

A. R. PENNY, DRUGGIST & JEWELER.

DRUGS, BOOKS, STATIONERY.

FANCY ARTICLES, &C

Physicians prescriptions accurately compounded.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY & SILVERWARE.

Ever brought to this market. Prices lower than the lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted.



NEW FURNITURE STORE! MACK HUFFMAN, PROP.



Will keep constantly on hand a large and select line of Furniture and Undertakers' Goods. My prices will be as low as such goods can be bought in the cities. Give me a trial and you will be convinced that I sell lower than the lowest.

STANFORD, KY., APRIL 26 1889

E. C. WALTON, BUS. MANAGER

MEANS BUSINESS.

WATCHES and jewelry repaired and warranted. A. R. Penny.

LANDRETH'S Garden seed, new crop, just received at McRoberts & Stagg's.

LANDRETH'S Garden seeds fresh and genuine, in bulk or package, at A. R. Penny's.

The best place to buy drugs, patent medicines and toilet articles is at A. R. Penny's.

Buy your school books, ink, tablets, paper, pencils and school supplies of all kinds from A. R. Penny.

PERSONAL POINTS.

MISS VIRGIE WHITE returned to her school at Cedar Creek Tuesday.

MISS KATE BOWMAN, of Liberty, was the guest of Miss Rhoda Portman.

MISS BETTIE LEAR, of Lancaster, is visiting the Misses Benzley in the country.

MR. AND MRS. H. S. WITHERS and Mrs. Forestus Reid went to Louisville Tuesday.

MR. AND MRS. R. G. COLLIER have been visiting Mrs. John W. Watson, who is quite ill.

COL. W. G. WELCH, Robert McAlister and G. S. Carpenter went to the Lexington races Tuesday.

Mrs. LOU SHANKS left yesterday to attend the marriage of her brother-in-law, Mr. A. T. Carrithers.

CAPT. THOMAS COZART and wife and Eld. John P. White, of Parksville, are guests of Eld. Jos. Ballou.

WALLACE WITHERS is clerking for A. A. Warren while Albert Severance is being treated for the catarrh.

DR. A. S. PRICE has been here for a week helping Dr. Hoffman out of a rush and will remain some time.

ALLIE LOGAN, who has been attending school at Charlottesville, Va., has returned on account of ill health.

JUDGE VINCENT BOKING, of London, was elected Commander of the Kentucky G. A. R., assembled at Covington.

MR. W. H. MILLER has gone to Frankfort to argue the Portman-Baughman case before the Court of Appeals.

Mrs. LAVINIA MONTGOMERY and son, Thomas, of Fort Scott, Kansas, are visiting Kentucky relatives and friends.

Mrs. DANIEL WALKER and daughter, Miss Allie, of Garrard, were over to see Mayor Burnside, who is able to walk around some.

MR. E. H. JONES is in Lexington seeing after Lady Jones, a St. Martin mare, that he has had in training with the Bradley Bros. since January.

Mrs. JOHN T. LYNN, who has been with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wray, for the last month, returned with her husband to Louisville Wednesday.

MESSRS. JOHN AND ED JONES, Eph Ewell and the younger Anderson Nunnally left yesterday by private conveyance for Point Burnside, where they will spend several days fishing in the Cumberland.

COL. J. K. FAULKNER, of Richmond, was here Tuesday. He said he had no direct assurances, but he wouldn't swap his chances to get the surveyorship of the port of Louisville with any of the applicants even at big odds. We hope his confidence will be rewarded. He is a good man and filled the position before very creditably.

CITY AND VICINITY.

PURE GERMAN MILLET at Metcalf & Foster's.

For genuine German millet seed call on Geo. D. Wearon, m'gr.

A WRECK on the Knoxville end delayed the express till a late hour yesterday.

BRAV new stock of finest Candles just received at A. A. Warren's "Model Grocery."

If you want a fine picture of your residence call on Earp, the photographer, Stanford.

CARRIAGES, buggies and spring wagons painted in first-class style at Wm. Daugherty's.

DON'T forget that I have an experienced carriage maker and am prepared to repair vehicles of all kinds on the shortest notice. Wm. Daugherty.

Mrs. KATE DUDDERA's opening of spring millinery will occur on the 31st and 4th of May. A cordial invitation is hereby extended to all the ladies.

The C. S. suffered another collision yesterday. Two freights collided at Glen Mary, killing two men and injuring another. Conductor Hine and Brake-man Taylor are the killed; Engineer Rusk the wounded.

Our readers will please excuse us for weighting them down with a double number that they cannot read before the next issue comes out. We just had to do it and we fear we will have to do it often in the next few weeks.

If you want to go to the Lexington races you can take the local freight here at 7 A. M., go to Junction City in time to catch the accommodation on the Cincinnati Southern and reach Lexington before 11 o'clock. The C. S. sells round-trip tickets at 4 cents per mile.

Go to Earp's gallery for fine cabinet pictures. Stanford.

A CONVENTION of democrats will be held at the Court House here to-morrow at 2 P. M., to select delegates to the State convention.

LADY'S GOLD WATCH FREE.—Worth \$35, to be given away by me May 4, 1889. A ticket given free with every 50 cents' worth of goods you purchase of W. S. Hilton, Junction City.

The Kentucky State Medical Society will meet at Richmond May 8-10 and permanent Secretary Steele Bailey, M. D., is getting out the programme, which is the lengthiest and most comprehensive yet presented.

The declaration of Mr. D. B. Edmiston to become a candidate for the legislature is published herewith. It is sincerely to be regretted that he cannot see his way clear to make the race.

A PROHIBITIONIST tells us that he has it from fair authority that certain doctors are making commerce out of prescriptions for whisky to negroes. The matter ought to be investigated and punishment, if it is deserved, meted out. Names can be furnished the proper authorities.

LEWIS WITHERS thinks he has a genuine mascot in John J. Bright. A month ago he took him down to Liberty with a lot of buggies and they sold five. Monday they again left here at 3 A. M. and went to the same place, disposed of five more and were back to supper. He'll keep John hereafter for good luck.

FIRE.—Mr. John A. Bower, late of the Parksville News, who has been mail agent on this division for several months, was fired Tuesday simply to make room for a rail and not because Mr. Bower wasn't making a good officer. J. P. Murphy, also of this line, has been given his walking papers and J. H. Griffith, of Knoxville, takes his place.

THROUGH the efforts of Mrs. S. P. Stagg and Mrs. Thomas Metcalf sufficient money was raised from the congregation and others to buy Dr. Morris Evans a handsome suit of clothes, and it was completed and presented to him this week. We hope the recipient will remember what follows pride and keep a firm hold on his underpinning.

SEVERAL nice April showers have fallen in the last few days, but they were insufficient for the needs of vegetation. A good rain is badly needed. The several thunder clouds that have already visited us seem to confirm the theory of the weather prophets that we are to have unusually violent electrical disturbances this summer. Such storms are said to follow, as a rule, mild winters.

THERE were 12 persons before the pension examiners here last week and 7 Wednesday, mostly negroes. A couple of pension claim agents have been traveling in this section recently and succeeded in inducing every negro who was in the army to apply for a pension, whether there is anything the matter with them or not. Such cattle ought not to be allowed to roam the country at will.

DEAD.—Joe Baker, known as "Beaver Tail," who was shot ten days ago by his son-in-law, Tom Wrenn, died at his home near the Poor-House Sunday night. Wrenn has skipped and well he did if reports be true. It is said that Wrenn had been unkind to his wife and Baker went over to restore peace. He offered his hand to Wrenn, who took it, remarking "I told you I'd kill you, and I'll do it," at the same time firing at him three times. One ball took effect in the bowels and caused death.

TWO YEARS.—Some time last year in the Texas precinct, in Pulaski county, Constable Vestal went with Andrew Hamlin for the seduction of Etta Warman. The Hamlin boys resisted, shot the constable twice and killed both the Warman boys. They then shipped to Texas and were gone till recently, when they returned and were captured by the jailer of Pulaski. The Hamlins were indicted jointly for the murder and demanding separate trials, Elsie Hamlin was arraigned. Notwithstanding the proof was as above, a jury returned a verdict of only two years in the penitentiary; equal almost to an acquittal, considering the crime. The other Hamlins are yet to be tried, and we hear are anxious to take the same sentence that Elsie got and say no more about it. Mr. R. C. Warren assisted in the prosecution.

MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

—Mr. George Lee James and Miss Maggie Holmes, of Crab Orchard, accompanied by Miss Maud Pettus and Ward Moore, went to Lexington Tuesday and were married at the Phoenix Hotel that night. Mr. James is a son of the late George W. James, and a very clever young gentleman. His bride is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Sue Holmes and is a very lovable and attractive young lady. May they always be as happy as they seemed the day they passed here en route to their Groom's Green.

—J. A. Stitt, 22, was married to Mrs. Scroggs, aged 77, at Buffalo, N. Y., Wednesday. An estate of \$300,000 held by the ancient widow caused Stitt to make the unnatural alliance.

—Congressman Gibson, of Maryland, and Mrs. Mita Powell Holliday, of Baltimore, were married in Louisville Wednesday.

nesday. He is the Adonis of Congress; she handsome and possessing an estate of \$300,000.

—There is no truth in the story that Mary Anderson is to be married to her agent, Mr. Abud. Miss Anderson is and has been engaged to a young man in the shirt business on Wood street, Cheap-side, London.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

—I will preach at Kingsville Sunday at 11 o'clock A. M., also at night. J. G. Livingston.

—Elder Jesse Walden is holding a meeting in London. During the winter he has brought 100 souls to Christ in his mountain evangel.

—Twelve young ministers will graduate from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary May 30. There are 164 enrolled as students.

—At the conference of the National Reform Association, now in session at Philadelphia, a resolution was adopted requesting President Harrison to mention Christ in State papers, especially thanksgiving proclamations.

—There are in the United States 10,191 Roman Catholic churches, with a membership exceeding 7,000,000. The Baptist is the second denomination in point of numbers, with 30,522 churches and a membership of 2,722,570. There are 14 branches of the Methodist faith and taken in the aggregate they are more numerous than the Baptists.

—Brer. Emmett Logan, of the Louisville Times, is led to remark: There are 50 different religious denominations in this country, with a total of 135,716 churches and a membership of 19,018,977. From the figures it appears that a large majority of us are out of the fold; it was a Frenchman that expressed his contempt for a country with a score of religions and only one soup. But more than half of us are "in the soup."

—Rev. John Bell Gibson has been for some time preparing a series of Sunday evening lectures on the Reformation, in which Wycliffe, Luther, Knox, Zwingli and others were principal factors. These lectures will be condensed, not exceeding a half hour in length. Mr. Gibson has derived his material for these lectures from such standard authorities as the Encyclopedia Britannica, Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, Neander's Church History, Green's History of the English people, d'Aubigne's History of the Reformation and other works of equal authority. The first lecture will be delivered Sunday evening, subject—From Gregory the Great to Wycliffe.

D. B. Edmiston Declines.

MESSRS. JOHN BLAIN, J. M. COOK, J. W. TISDALE AND OTHERS—GENTLEMEN:—In answer to the call you recently made upon me to become a candidate for the legislature, I will say that it has been duly considered and would be accepted if my business affairs would permit me to do so. But owing to engagements that I cannot at present control, and which I cannot honorably disregard, I am compelled to decline. It would afford me pleasure to serve the people of Lincoln county as their representative. But for the reasons stated, I must, of necessity, say that I am not a candidate. Assuring you that I will ever hold in grateful remembrance the evidence of your respect and confidence, I am,

Very Respectfully, D. B. EDMISTON.
Crab Orchard, April 25.

—The great Rockaway Hotel, erected several years ago on Rockaway Beach, at a cost of over \$1,000,000, was sold at auction in New York on the 24th inst., for \$200,000.

—Henry Smart, who is to hang at Louisville for the murder of two young girls, attempted to put out the eyes of a Commercial reporter by throwing a bottle of some kind of fluid mixed with powdered glass into his face. The reporter, Mr. R. B. Wilson, had been instrumental in working up the case. The vicious devil has been placed in irons to remain till the day of execution.

—Fifteen thousand unsettled people suffered many hardships at Guthrie, Oklahoma, where the water gave out and where it was impossible to obtain sufficient food and shelter. The whole territory is overflowing with boomers, and those who failed to secure claims threatened to overrun the reserved Cherokee strip and settle it. Several disputes have ended fatally and Judge Lynch has already sat in judgment on one case.

LANCASTER, GARRARD COUNTY.

—W. O. Sweeney is adding to his pretty cottage on Lexington street by building a new room to it.

—Lancaster now boasts of another poet. This time it is one who has for a long time allowed her talent to lie dormant. In a communication she just received she responds in poetical verse.

—Prof. G. D. Moss, formerly of this place, but now drumming for the Williamsburg Drug Co. of late, has recently been offered a good school in Jamestown for the coming season, but he does not know yet whether he will accept the position or not.

—On the 21st of May Dr. A. T. Wilkitts, of Louisville, will deliver his inimitable lecture, "Sunshine," in our city. This will be one of the grandest intellectual feasts ever served to the people of this community, as this celebrated speaker is one of the foremost orators of the age. Admission 50 cents; reserved seats 75 cts. A most cordial invitation is extended to the citizens of our sister cities to attend.

—Mrs. Dr. Bourne and little son, Trueheart, of your city, were the guests of Mrs. J. P. Sandifer the first of the week. Miss Moody Porter, who has been spending the winter with her aunt, Mrs. Geo. Hardin, leaves to-morrow for her home in Harrodsburg. Mr. Jason Walker and family, of Richmond, were the guests of his brother, Judge Walker, and family, last week. Miss Alva Keavell, of Princeton, is here visiting her friends and schoolmates, Misses Lula and Mary Sandifer.

Prof. Wiggins and all of the other prophets may fail in dry weather, but Gault's cholera cure never fails. If it does, your money will be refunded by McRoberts & Stagg. 2t

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW LAW FIRM.

The undersigned have this day formed a partnership in the practice of law under the firm name of Miller & Cowley. Our office and place of business will be the South side of Main street, over the First National Bank, Stanford, Ky., the same office now and heretofore occupied by the senior member of the firm.

W. H. MILLER,
J. S. COWLEY, Jr.

Turnpike Election.

The stockholders of the Knob Lick Turnpike Road Co. will meet at the First National Bank of Stanford first Saturday in May, 1889, for the purpose of electing a President and Board of Directors for the ensuing year.

Turnpike Election.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Stanford & Hustonville Turnpike Road Co. for the election of a President and Board of Directors for the ensuing year will be held in the court clerk's office in Stanford, first Saturday in May, 1889, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Turnpike Election.

The stockholders of the Stanford & Hustonville Turnpike Road Co. will meet at Dr. Brown's office in Hustonville first Saturday in May, 1889, at 2 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing a President and Board of Directors for the ensuing year.

Turnpike Election.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Tazewell, McKinney & Coffey's Mill Turnpike Road Co. will be held at Richards' store, Mt. Vernon, first Saturday in May, 1889, at 2 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing a President and Board of Directors for the ensuing year.

Turnpike Election.

The shareholders of the Hanging Fork & Green River Turnpike Road Co. will meet at Ward's store at McKimney the first Saturday in May, 1889, at 2 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing a President and Board of Directors for the ensuing year.

Turnpike Election.

The stockholders of the Hustonville & Coffey's Mill Turnpike Road Co. will meet at Dr. Brown's office in Hustonville first Saturday in May, 1889, at 2 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing a President and Board of Directors for the ensuing year.

Turnpike Election.

The stockholders of the Stanford and Muldenville Turnpike Road Co. will meet at McCornack's Church first Saturday in May, 1889, at 2 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing a President and Board of Directors for the ensuing year.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is selling fast, then ever before. I never hesitate to recommend it."—George W. Whitman, Druggist, Albany, Ind.

"I am safe in saying that my sales of Ayer's Sarsaparilla far exceed those of any other, and I give thorough satisfaction."—L. H. Bush, Des Moines, Iowa.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills are the best selling medicines in my store. I can recommend them conscientiously."—C. Beckhaus, Pharmacist, Roseland, Ill.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked for a name for the best selling medicine."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

"I have sold your medicines for the last seventeen years, and always keep them in stock, as they are staples. There is nothing so good for the youthful blood as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—R. L. Parker, Fox Lake, Wis.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives the best satisfaction of any medicine I have in stock. I recommend it, or, as the Doctors say, 'I prescribe it over the counter.' It never fails to cure the cases for which I recommend it, even where the doctors' prescriptions have been of no avail."—C. F. Calhoun, Monmouth, Kansas.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best blood-purifier, when you want the best blood-purifier, with its forty years' success in the cure of Blood Diseases, you can make no mistake in preferring Ayer's Sarsaparilla to any other. The fore-runner of modern blood medicines, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is still the most popular, being in greater demand than all others combined.

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The Great Remedies!

KEET'S SPECIFIC cures all blood diseases, such as Scrofula, Ulcers, Pimples, Ulcerated Throat, White Swelling, Syphilis, diseases in all its stages, Neurosis, &c. Price 50c per bottle. GALT'S IRON PILLS is the most pleasant to take of all the Iron tonics. It cures Dyspepsia, it gives a keen appetite, enriches the blood, regulates the liver and imparts new energy to the muscles and nervous system. Price 50c per bottle. GALT'S WORK SALT is made of the best warm killers and expellers known to the medical profession and therefore recommends itself. It is pleasant to take, sure and reliable. Price 25c per bottle. Manufactured and for sale to the trade by the

WILLIAMSBURG DRUG CO., Williamsburg, Ky.

NEW GOODS!

Underwear,

In single pieces or suits, white and fancy colors.

Dress Shirts,

In shield, plated and pique embroidered bosoms. COLLARS and CUFFS, latest styles, and the largest and nicest assortment of

Neck Ties,

In Tecks, puffs and four-in-hand and dress bows ever seen Stanford.

Bruce & McRoberts.

Wall Paper,

Wall Paper,

Wall Paper,

--At--

M'ROBERTS & STAGG'S.

H. C. RUPLEY,

MERCHANT TAILOR

Is Receiving His

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Goods Warranted and a Perfect fit Guaranteed. Give him a Trial

A. C. SINE. J. N. MENEFEE.

SINE & MENEFEE,

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER,

Laths, Shingles, Etc.,

SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS!

Mouldings, Brackets and Scroll Work,

PATENT WIRE AND SLAT FENCE,

Cedar and Locust Posts.

We will carry a full stock of everything found in a first-class Lumber Yard.

A. C. SINE, Business Manager.

94 miles the shortest, 8 hours quickest between Cincinnati and New Orleans.

Entire Trains Run Through Without Change.

THROUGH CAR SERVICE. South Bound—Train No. 1, Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars, Cincinnati to New Orleans, Chattanooga to Shreveport and Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars, Cincinnati to Jacksonville, via E. T. & G.

Train No. 5, Main Boudoir Buffet Sleeping Cars, Cincinnati to New Orleans and Cincinnati to Jacksonville, via W. & A. Sleepers St. Louis to New Orleans via M. & O.

Condensed Schedule in Effect March 31, 1889.

READ DOWN. TRAINS SOUTH. No. 1. No. 3. No. 5. No. 7. No. 9. No. 11. No. 13. No. 15. No. 17. No. 19. No. 21. No. 23. No. 25. No. 27. No. 29. No. 31. No. 33. No. 35. No. 37. No. 39. No. 41. No. 43. No. 45. No. 47. No. 49. No. 51. No. 53. No. 55. No. 57. No. 59. No. 61. No. 63. No. 65. No. 67. No. 69. No. 71. No. 73. No. 75. No. 77. No. 79. No. 81. No. 83. No. 85. No. 87. No. 89. No. 91. No. 93. No. 95. No. 97. No. 99. No. 101. No. 103. No. 105. No. 107. No. 109. No. 111. No. 113. No. 115. No. 117. No. 119. No. 121. No. 123. No. 125. No. 127. No. 129. No. 131. No. 133. No. 135. No. 137. No. 139. No. 141. No. 143. No. 145. No. 147. No. 149. No. 151. No. 153. No. 155. No. 157. No. 159. No. 161. No. 163. No. 165. No. 167. No. 169. No. 171. No. 173. No. 175. No. 177. No. 179. No. 181. No.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ESKIMO BOYS.

Their Play and Sports—Hunting and Fishing—Spearfishing.

It might seem at first sight that the desolate Arctic regions would not be a favorable place in which to enjoy the sports common among boys in lower latitudes, but my experience in all the zones shows me that the Eskimo boys have about as many plays as do the children of the temperate climes, and more than those of the tropics.

The bright, keen cold of the Polar regions produces something of the same quality in its children, and although the popular belief is that Eskimo children are stupid and sluggish, I found them as bright and active as those of more favored climes. Any difference in the nature of their sports is easily accounted for by the different advantages they enjoy.

Even the smallest of the little "toots" may often be seen driving a team of puppies harnessed to a musk-ox sled or a walrus sled, which represents a sled, and laboring the infantile animals with a toy whip until they certainly do not enjoy the play, however much it may please the small boy.

In this early play both boys and puppies receive lessons that assist them in later life in matters that are very important. The toy harnesses, used on the puppies are usually made by the little girls, with some assistance from their mothers now and then, and thus all the work may be considered a sort of cold-weather kindergarten, where the small are taught something useful for after life.

In a little while the sled or the walrus sled is replaced by a miniature sled, and before long the young Eskimo is able to take a sledge-ride on his own account, but, like other boys, the world over, the northern juvenile finds less pleasure in sledging as soon as it becomes useful work. Still, whether man or boy, the Eskimo never loses his love for a swift race over the frozen snows behind a fine team of dashing dogs.

Often times the boys play with the dogs, but seldom in the manner that youngsters in the United States romp around with a favorite Carlo or Prince. The Eskimo dogs do not enter into the spirit of that kind of game, so much does the hard work they are called on to perform exhaust their energies and destroy the playful tendencies in them.

In a not commendable spirit the Eskimo boy takes advantage of the dogs' ravenous appetites to get a little fun out of them. These animals are only fed every second or third day, and as a consequence the expression "hungry as a hound" is quite applicable to them most of the time. The boy picks up a stone or other small object and holds it aloft, and the dogs, thinking he has something to eat, eagerly press around him in a dense mass, with heads and ears erect, awaiting his disposal of it. He then hurls it as far as he can, and much enjoys the swift race as they fly like arrows after the supposed piece of food.

It is really singular how very many times these poor hungry brutes will allow themselves to be duped in this way for the pleasure of some undesired victim. I think I have seen them repeat this performance over and over again a score of times before a single dog ceased to take the deepest interest in the proceedings, and to run like mad every time the chipper stone was hurled far out on the snow.

During the season when the snow is on the ground, and especially if a light snow is falling, some person who has been out of doors near the snow-houses may report that a flock of ptarmigan or snow-white Arctic grouse is near by. During such weather these birds are not likely, if alarmed, to take to the wing to escape, but trust to running, and so the boys of the Eskimo village turn out and hunt them with bows and arrows.

Before white men brought firearms among these Northern nomads all of them used bows and arrows, the natural hunting implement of savages nearly all over the world. Now the use of bow and arrow is confined almost altogether to the children in their sports and plays, and in a ptarmigan hunt they employ these simple weapons.

The youngsters can often get within twenty or thirty feet of the birds, which run along on the ground in front of them with a waddling gait that suggests so many of our farm ducks, and from time to time some boy with a good bow and a well-directed shot brings down one of the ptarmigan amidst much rejoicing among the juvenile Nivars.

After awhile the ptarmigan gets shy under this constant shower of arrows shot at them, and if the boys press them too hard they take to flying, and, once on the wing, the boys' fun is finished. On favorable days I have known two or three boys to lead a mile or two away from the village in this sport, and to secure two or three birds apiece. This was in the late autumn or early winter, when the birds were very fat and exceedingly averse to flying.

Of other hunting sports in which the boys sometimes indulge, I know of none which they enjoy so much as spearing ducks in the summer; and this, too, they have almost to themselves, as the men do not care to waste time and ammunition on such small game, unless they have absolutely nothing else to do.

The duck spear is a curious weapon, with three barbed prongs radiating at equal angles from the shaft of the spear. These



—SPEARING DUCKS.

prongs are not at the end of the spear, but about one-third of the way back from the front end. The shaft, being of wood, the weapon will float, and when it strikes a duck the prongs, of thin, elastic musk-ox horn or walrus ivory, spring back and "ride over" the bird's body and then hold it with its bars. If the prongs were at or near the end the harpooned duck might escape by dragging the weapon after it "end on," which would be comparatively easy; but being near the middle it has to drag the spear through the water at right angles to its line of flight. This exhausts it in a few seconds, and the boy can pick it up.

The time for spearing ducks is in the summer when they are moulting, or shedding their feathers, and can not fly, so their only way to escape is by diving and swimming. The boys, seeing a flock of ducks near by, take their spears and get into their sealskin canoes, or *kialks*, as they call them, and give pursuit. The ducks swim away as

the boys approach, but are rapidly overhauled and the birds next try to escape by diving. They can go much faster in this way but it exhausts them more rapidly, as they can not breathe under the water.

When the ducks have once begun diving it is the object of the boys to press them and allow them as little breathing time as possible when they appear above the water. The most available duck is selected and two or three of the boys devote their energies to its capture. When diving its course can be followed under the water, and as the pursuing *kialks* scatter, it is almost sure to come up near some one of the young hunters, who at once brings his spear at it, however far away, and starts paddling toward it at a rapid rate. If the bird is nearly exhausted by its dives in every direction to escape, it will allow the boat to approach very near, and the boy soon catches it between the shaft and one of the prongs of the spear, when its fate is at once settled.

In the early fall, before the young elder-ducks have learned to fly, the boys catch them by scores on the shallow, inland lakes on the shores of which they have been hatched. On one of my sledge-journeys two boys of the party must have killed close to two hundred one afternoon, and would probably have extended their barbarous sport if it had not met with such disapproval of the white men.

They seem to get a great deal of fun out of the pursuit of the little ducks, but it is rather a manifestation of the savage nature in them coming to the front than commendable sport.

Yet my experience among Indian boys makes me feel safe in saying that they far excel the Eskimo lads in heartless cruelty when indulging in these plays that give a chance for its exercise.

I have known Indians to take a fiendish delight in torturing small birds and animals they had captured, their eyes glistening with enjoyment in direct ratio as the creature suffered. I never saw the Eskimo lads behave more than carefully and cruelly while securing game for their use, as in the few cases I have already cited.

The Eskimo boys have a good many sports besides those of a hunting nature, although there are none which they enjoy so much as the ones which fit them for being successful hunters when they are older.

They often coast down the inclines of slopes and hills on their sledges, and when they have no small sledges which they can use for this purpose, they cut them out of solid ice. These sleds are sometimes, and much juvenile merriment, collide, go to pieces, and throw the coaster down hill heels over head. Coasting, however, is comparatively little indulged in, considering the opportunities there are for the sport.

Skating in any way is unknown among the Eskimos, and as to snowshoes they have never seen a pair. The extreme cold of the winter and the fierce winds "pack" the snow until it is seemingly as hard as marble, and the boys can run over it as they would over a flagstone sidewalk.

Snowshoes would be as useless as a rascally road, while the ice is nearly always so rough and so covered with snow that there would be but little skating, even if these cold-weather urthins knew how to skate, and had the best skates that can be made.

In the long winter evenings their fathers show the boys how to carve the odd pieces of walrus ivory into miniature ducks, volleys, whales and every bird, beast and fish that they know. They also have sports at this time in which the older folk participate, but my space will not allow me to describe them.

Of all the games that the white men have introduced among them or played before them, there is none that pleases them so much as the simple game of dominoes, which they will play by the hour. They often make exact duplicates in walrus ivory of the dominoes brought North by the white men.—Frederick Schwatka in Youth's Companion.

PLASTER OF PARIS.

New Process of Hardening It—Its Adaptation for Flooring.

The French Academy of Sciences, says La Semaine des Constructeurs, has just received a communication from Mr. Jullie on a new process of hardening plaster so as to adapt it to the construction of flooring in place of wood, and to other purposes for which it can not be used in its ordinary state on account of its want of hardness and resistance to crushing.

Mr. Jullie recommends the intimate mixture of six parts of plaster of good quality with one part of finely sifted, recently sanded white lime. This mixture is employed like ordinary plaster. After it has become thoroughly dry, the object manufactured from it is saturated with a solution of any sulphate whatever, whose base is precipitated in an insoluble form by lime. The sulphates best adapted for the purpose, from every point of view, are those of iron and zinc.

With sulphate of zinc the object remains white, as might be supposed. With sulphate of iron the object, at first greenish, finally assumes, through desiccation, the characteristic tint of the sesquioxide of iron. The hardest surfaces are obtained with iron, and the resistance to breakage is twenty times greater than that of ordinary plaster. In order to obtain a maximum of hardness and tenacity it is necessary to temper the limed plaster well in as brief a space of time as possible, and with no more water than is strictly necessary. The object to be hardened should be very dry, so that the solution employed may penetrate it easily. The solution should be near the point of saturation, and the first immersion should not exceed two hours. If immersed too long the plaster would become friable.

The proportions of the lime and plaster are arbitrary, and may be varied according to the results to be obtained; nevertheless, the proportions of one to six have given the best results.

As it is important that the plaster should not be spread over the surface by passing and repassing the trowel for too long a time, the fastest workman will always be the best one to employ. When sulphate of iron is used, the slabs are of the color of iron rust; but if instead of boiled with litharge be passed over the surface, they assume a beautiful mahogany color, and offer a certain superficial elasticity to the tread. If a coat of hard copal varnish be added, the color becomes very beautiful.

On spreading a two or three inch layer of limed plaster in a room, and treating it in the way above described, we obtain a floor which is as smooth as a mirror, and which in most cases, fulfills the office of an oak floor, but which has the advantage over the latter of costing four times less.

A Change for the Better. The Minister (to new parliament) I understand, dear sister, that your husband has made a change for the better.

The Parsonage.—He has. He has left the Long Nines and is pitching for the Diamond Nines now. He gets five hundred dollars more salary than he did.—Drake's Magazine.

IN-DOORS AND OUT.

FEMININE GARMENTS.

A Pleasant Time Coming for Women of Good Taste.

SOMETIMES, when I think of the sufferings that women endure in order to be fashionable, or elegant, or stylish, or whatever they denominate the result at which they wish to arrive, I scarcely know whether to laugh or cry. The corset question has been discussed over and over again since the days when their wearers called them "stays," and wore something like a small ironing-board in them, which they called a "stays."

Specimens of these instruments of torture are still to be found in old garrets in country houses; but a corset of the present generation need not be an unhealthy or uncomfortable thing. It generally is, though. The inch or two that it should have at the belt, and the inch or two that should be cut off of the length, convert it into the cause of misery and disease.

A very neat and useful thing a corset might be, and is, when worn short, not too tight, and is made with a few flexible whalebones. No overseer knows the difference; and the wearer can stoop, recline, button her own shoes, and pick up any thing she happens to drop (and gallantry belongs to the decrease, this is a great point); yet she will exist in a state of agony, longing for the time when she may "get that thing off," simply that any one with a tape measure at hand could measure that she was twenty-two inches around the waist instead of twenty-four. She will wear skirts that weigh enough to make walking a misery, because a dress-maker tells her she must, when a skirt might be an actual feather weight and have precisely the same effect. That is a point for which—Heaven knows why—any one who is not her own dress-maker has to contend fiercely.

The heavy skirt is not desired by any one. Every woman must be conscious that it used to have, and aesthetically which, as we all know, is the "science of taste"—must assuredly have its place. According to present ideas, the most elegant lady is the one whom you can not tell, with her back to you, from the thing of wood and metal called in modistes' establishments "the form," if they do not wear the same clothes.

It is not original to refer any one to the Venus of Milo as what a woman ought to be, and therefore I will only mention that she could wear an aesthetic dress, and so could any other antique female statue, and come to life in it in a Galatea very gracefully.—N. Y. Ledger.

GOOD FOR THE HENS.

A Cheap and Handy Device for Watering Poultry.

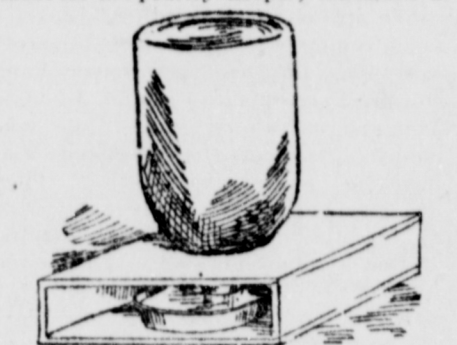
The illustration shows a device that is not only the best for a drinking fountain for poultry, but a very satisfactory arrangement for the poultry keeper, inasmuch as the water is kept clean.

Then, too, science is having much more to do with our lives in every direction than it used to have, and aesthetically which, as we all know, is the "science of taste"—must assuredly have its place. According to present ideas, the most elegant lady is the one whom you can not tell, with her back to you, from the thing of wood and metal called in modistes' establishments "the form," if they do not wear the same clothes.

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WATER TROUGH.

the birds can not foul the water, the drink is never wasted and the supply seldom runs short. In a wide board box a hole large enough to insert the neck of a jug holding two or three gallons. Nail to the ends of this board some cleats which will hold it three to four inches from the ground, and place under the little table thus formed a dish which is shallow enough to slide under easily, and still leave room enough between its edges and the board for the poultry to put in their heads. Next fill the jug full of water and turn it over the dish, allowing it to rest with its shoulders on the board. The water will only run out until the dish is full enough to cover the mouth of the jug. As the birds exhaust the supply, more water from the jug will keep the dish always uniformly full. Such an arrangement will last a dozen years for several days. The jug should reach to within one inch of the bottom of the trough, and the board should be wide enough to completely cover the dish so that all birds may be kept out of the drinking water; at the same time it should be narrow enough so that the birds can drink from both sides.—Farm and Home.

HORSE-RADISH.

Its Largely Increasing Consumption—How to Cultivate It.

There is a largely increasing consumption of horse-radish, which is now found regularly on the tables of all hotels and restaurants, as well as of most private families. It is also exported in large quantities, and is prepared for the retail market by bottlers who make a special business of it. They require smooth, large roots, free from knots, and for such the present price is \$100 to \$120 per ton. The rough, inferior qualities sell at any price they will bring, being bought by street vendors who grate them by hand.

The best soil for this crop is a sandy loam or reclaimed bog which has been thoroughly cultivated for several years and is free from stones and roots. Plow it thoroughly. Plow as deeply as possible, then make trenches three or four feet apart, running the plow backward and forward, throwing

the soil out each way and making the trench eighteen or twenty inches deep. Boring a piece of hard wood plank on the inside of the mold board, letting it extend back about two feet, greatly facilitates throwing the soil back.

When the trench is completed fill it three or four inches deep with well-potted stable manure and tread it down. Cover the manure with soil from half an inch to one inch deep; then drop the cuttings in a straight line three inches apart along the trenches. For cuttings, any pieces of trimmings about the size of a lead pencil or larger will do; they may be of any length, from one to four inches. Then run a plow on the ridge thrown out of the trench, turning the soil in the trench so as to cover the cuttings with about four inches of soil. When they have been sown, sow seeds which begin to show, run the plow on the opposite side of the ridge, throwing in about four inches more and so continue until the trenches are filled up, and in these places are ridges eight inches high.

To gather the crop plow away the soil from one side of each row so as to pull the roots out easily. Then trim off all small fibers or roots; also cut the tops close to the ground. The roots made then be thoroughly washed and laid in a sturdy place to dry, when they will be ready for shipping. If they are to be kept for winter use, put them in long heaps and cover them with soil to keep them from freezing.

A DURABLE GATE.

It Is Both Cheap and Convenient—How It Is Made.

The illustrations herewith show, says the American Agriculturist, the general appearance and details of a gate which can never sag, get off its hinges, or be opened

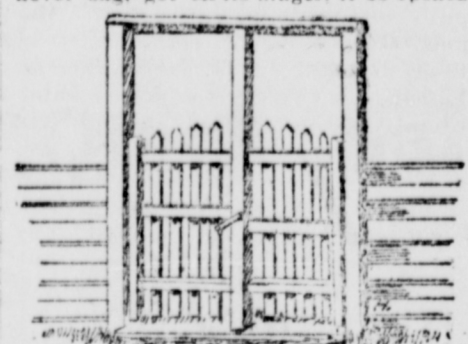


FIG. 1.—THE GATE COMPLETE.

by cows or other farm stock. The frame, Fig. 1, has two upright posts, each four by six inches and seven to eight feet high above ground, across the top of which is a cross-piece, six inches wide, nine and a half feet long and four inches thick in the middle, and beveled to one inch at each side. A sill two inches thick and eight feet long is sunk level with the surface of the ground. The gate is eight feet wide, hanging by the central upright piece, into either end of which an iron pin one inch in diameter is

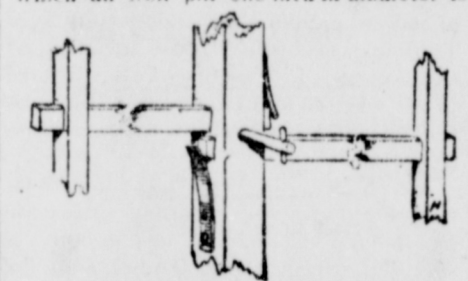


FIG. 2.—FASTENING IN PLACE.

driven, holes having been first bored for that purpose.

The fastenings consist of two bolts, each four feet two inches long, resting in mortices cut in the central post and outer vertical pieces, as shown in Fig. 2. The outer end of each bar is beveled and fits in a slot cut in the gate post. The other ends of the bars are held in place by steel springs screwed to the side of the central post. These springs allow them to fly back when

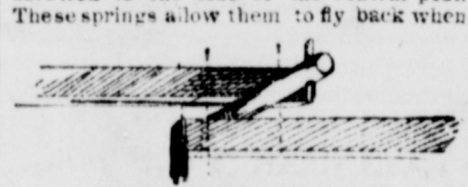


FIG. 3.—FASTENING.

the gate is closing and hold them in the notches when it is shut. These are fastened by a round handle, to which they are attached by strings, as shown in Fig. 3. As will be seen, this is in effect a double gate or turn-stile, opening from either side, turning upon the central pivot, and doubly fastening automatically when closed. If a single gate is desired it may be constructed upon the same plan, only leaving off one side.

THE HATED MONOTONY.

The Last Sad Meeting of Patient Harry and His Best Girl.

"Maude," he said, with a quivering quaver in the vowel sounds, "Maude, three weeks ago to-night I asked you to marry me."

"You did."

"And you said 'no.'"

"That was my answer."

"Two weeks ago to-night I asked you the same question."

"I remember."

"And you made the same reply."

"I did."

"A week ago I asked you to be my wife, and you said 'no' again."

"Yes."

"You have had another week to think the matter over, and I called to see whether you had arrived at any other conclusion."

She reflected a moment and then said, gently:

"Harry, I recognize the fact that each time I have answered you in precisely the same way. There has been nothing in my replies so far to relieve the monotony. Then after another pause she said, still more softly:

"Harry, I should hate very much to be considered monotonous."

And Harry didn't wait for any further answer.—Merchant Traveler.

Fall of Black Snow.

At Alton, Minn., on April 2, at 4:45 o'clock, it became so dark that lights were necessary in business houses, and the air was filled with snow that was as black and dirty as though it had been tramped into the earth. Six ounces of snow and one-fourth ounce of dirt and sand were found in the bottom of a dish. The dirt is very fine, something like emery, and contains particles that have a metallic luster. This dirty snow fell to the depth of half an inch. The atmosphere at the time presented a peculiar greenish tinge. There was a little wind blowing at the time from the north-west, though there seemed to be considerable wind higher in the air. Solid chunks of ice and sand are reported to have been picked up in various places.—Scientific American.

Considerate.

Mosheim.—Hey! Schwartzhund, were you go away so quick already before dot subert Schwartzhund—Schneigelt, de vetchmakar, yust cum up-stairs mit his pants bust in ballef. I sell 'em to him yesterday, a bargain. May be he feel bad and don't want to see me already, ain't it?—Life.

COLLINSVILLE, Ill., makes 150 dozen cow-bells daily.

THE GENTLER SEX.

There are two women in command of Mississippi steamboats.

The empress of Austria is said to be a very fond of speaking English.

There are 218 clubs of women in the city of New Orleans alone devoted to the study of political economy.

Mrs. Gordon Mackay, of Boston, the wife of the inventor of a sewing machine, has \$300,000 worth of precious stones.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey, the Irish novelist, is about 65 years of age, short, stout, and in her style of dress thoroughly English.

There is a Woman's Silk Culture association, and from its reports it would seem that American women are destined to become extensive silk growers.

A society of the "King's Daughters" has been formed in Berlin by Mrs. Mary B. Willard, who has a family school for American girls in the German capital.

Women are at last permitted to practice medicine in Canada, and the first to receive a license is Miss Mitchell, of Kingston, a graduate of Queen's university.

The Illinois Women's Press association has waxed so strong that it is to build a house in Chicago, a feature of which will be a lecture room to seat 200 persons.

A young woman in Washington, who is at the head of a typewriting establishment, says that since the new administration came in her business has increased enormously.

The Rev. Amanda Deys has been appointed a delegate from the Universal Peace union to the World's Peace congress to be held in Paris the first five days in June.

It is said there are more American women studying art in Vienna and Paris than ever before. A leading art club in the former city has twenty-five American lady students.

Miss Kate Sherman, a buxom Tennessee girl, met her father at the depot, the other day, and broke two of his ribs at a single hug. She ought to be labeled with the words "Hands off—dangerous."

Elizabeth Smith, 89 years of age, walked most of the way from Wheeling, W. Va., to Bridgeport, Conn. She was on her way to Worcester, Mass., where her son lives, and started with only \$3.

It is estimated that three-fourths of the women of leisure in New York and Brooklyn are interested in mind cure, Christian science or faith healing. The number of teachers in both cities is phenomenally large, and all have full classes.

An international women's suffrage congress is to meet in Paris in the summer, and the municipal council has voted 500 francs toward the expenses. Susan Anthony and Mrs. Cady Stanton will represent the women of the United States.

HOW THEY WRITE.

F. R. Stockton dictates to a long hand writer.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox "composes pen in hand."

George W. Cable writes his novels in long hand.

John Boyle O'Reilly writes with his own hand.

A. W. Tourgee says he writes with a pencil or pen.

George Alfred Townsend dictates to stenographers.

George William Curtis writes with a pen or a pencil.

Murat Halstead resorts to phonography and typewriting.

Charles A. Dana dictates everything to a stenographer.

Edward Atkinson, the statistician, dictates to a stenographer.

George Bancroft, the historian, dictates all his work to a stenographer.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich writes in the old fashioned way, with pen and ink.

Charles Carleton Coffin finds he cannot compose as well on a typewriter as with a pen.

Robert Grant, who wrote the "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," says he still uses the pen.

Amelie Rives, a beginner, says: "I always use pen and ink in writing and never dictate."

George Kennan, the Russian explorer, writes his stories in lead pencil, then dictates them to a typewriter.

Capt. Charles King, the novelist, says: "It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks." He writes with a pen.

Oliver Optic has used a typewriter fourteen years, and has not written a book or story in that time by any other means.

Bill Nye travels so that he cannot use a typewriter or stenographer constantly. Some day, he says, he will "dictate" till he gets black in the face.

Margaret Deland, author of "John Ward, Preacher," uses her pen altogether, but after her copy is ready for the printer she has it typewritten.

James Parton writes in the old fashioned way. Marion Harland dictates to her daughter. W. H. Riding is a pen pusher, and so is Edward Eggleston.

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of The Century Magazine, says he writes his own compositions himself, but feels disappointed if MS. sent to him is not typewritten.

Mr. W. D. Howells, the novelist, writes as follows: I have a weak wrist, and I use a typewriter whenever I have a passage very distinctly in mind or a bit of plain sailing before me. The difficult places I feel my way through with a pen.—Photographic World.

To avoid the trouble and danger resulting from the use of batteries as the source of power for electric bells a magneto-electric bell has been devised, in which the current is generated mechanically by the movement of the "push" or its equivalent.—New York Times.

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IN CENTRAL MEXICO.

A Country That Has Been Settled for Two and Three Hundred Years.

Kanawha Falls.
This lovely spot is attracting a great deal of attention among those who are fond of the beautiful of nature's own designing, coupled with the luxuries and comforts of man's providing. The Kanawha River, within a few hundred feet of the hotel, breaks into a magnificent waterfall, and it is one of the most attractive sights to witness the roaring, foaming waters madly plunging over the cataract. Along this river, above and below the Falls, can be found the finest fishing in the Virginia mountains. Some of the catches have been exceedingly fine. Ganley River, within two miles of the hotel, also affords splendid fishing and can be reached easily by good roads.

One peculiar feature of Kanawha Falls is that it is not infested with that sweet-toned songster from the Jersey shores, the mosquito. How and why this is so, no one can divine, but it is probably due to the ministrations of some mountain spirit, who, like St. Patrick, expelling snakes and toads from Ireland, chose to provide one, and only one spot on this continent where these little pests would not make life miserable or sleep impossible.

We learn that the hotel at Kanawha Falls has been recently remodeled and thoroughly renovated, and everything conducive to the comfort and pleasure of their guests has been provided, and it goes without saying that this will be the most popular resort for our people during the coming season.—Ex.

The C. & O. will sell round-trip tickets from all its principal stations to the Falls at reduced rates.

The importance of observing Solomon's injunction with reference to the right use of the rod in the education of the young has had a new and romantic illustration in the county of Mercer. A few days ago Louis Jelp was wearing out his young life in a struggle to reach modus vivendi with a stubborn mule. Louis broke the plow-line walloping the mule, whereupon the elder Jelp devoted the remnant of the rope to the work of walloping Louis. The young man sought succor of sorrow in the society of a maiden lady of 40 summers and a good estate. She comforted him to such an extent that the two ran away and got married, and now Jelp has \$10,000 in bank and is tenant for life of a good farm. This shows that a licking judiciously applied is very fine for a boy. The moral of the story would be perfect could we but be assured of the permanent reformation and future happiness of the mule.

Belfest, Me., once had an eccentric clergyman known as Archie Harden. Among other stories that are told of him is one that a lady told him that some one had stolen her axe. "O, ho," said he, "I'll get it for you." He appointed a prayer meeting for the next evening, and after talking a while he stopped, looked over the congregation a moment and said: "Somebody has stolen sister P.'s axe, and if it is not brought back by to-morrow morning I'll tell who has it. Glory to God." The axe was leaning against the wood pile next morning. It is also claimed that he reformed a kicking cow by praying for her, and that he once corrected a brother minister by stopping him in the middle of a sermon and praying over the mistake which he said the preacher had just made.

POPULAR CIGAR BOXES.—A tall man walking down Chestnut street laughingly responded to the inquiry of a friend as to what he was doing: "Sawing Spanish cedar boards in West Virginia for cigar box makers." To the remark that no Spanish cedar grew in West Virginia he replied: "And not enough anywhere else for the demand. We saw up popular logs into the thin boards, and the cigar makers dye them brown with cedar extract that gives the boxes proper color and odor." The logs are sawn with ribbon saws that make little sawdust to waste. Nearly all boxes used by American cigar-makers are made from this wood."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

TIME'S REVENGES.—Husband—"I must raise \$1,300 to-morrow or my note will go to protest, and if my creditors once get started after me, I am a ruined man!"

Wife—"Don't fret, dear. You can surely raise that much on my diamonds. You know you said they were worth \$3,000 at the lowest valuation."

And as the memory of the awful lie he had told the day he gave her that \$27 set of gems rose up before his guilty conscience, the miserable man betook himself into the outer darkness with an exceeding bitter cry.—Terre Haute Express.

In Tashkend, says a traveler, the Chinese have imposed a tax on all women who marry. All merchants who visit Kashgar are obliged to take a wife. As soon as they leave the woman obtains another husband and thus the tax affords a considerable revenue to the government.—Chicago Herald.

There are about 6,000 different descriptions of postage stamps in existence. The museum of the Berlin postoffice alone contains between 3,000 and 5,000 specimens, of which half are from Europe and the remainder divided between Asia, Africa, America and Australia.

THIBET'S PRAYER-WHEEL.

One of the Strangest Contrivances for Religious Purposes Ever Invented.

The Mexican National road passes through a plateau, or rather a valley, lying between the two coast ranges of mountains. Frequently the altitude reaches five thousand feet, yet owing to the proximity to the Gulf stream and the tropics the vegetation is a constant source of surprise to the Northern tourist. Giant cacti abound every place. The specie known in the North as the Spanish bayonet and soap weed, which has no trunk whatever, down here are immense trees, frequently two feet in diameter and twenty feet high. The same is also true of small pear cactus of our Northern plains. Semi-tropical fruits and plants flourish at an altitude of seven thousand feet.

Having passed Saltillo, we entered the region abounding with the maguery plant, which is indigenous to Mexico, and from which the natives make the popular drink called pulque. This is a milky, yeast-smelling drink, which few of our party had the courage to taste, yet which as a drink holds the same relation to a Mexican that lager beer does to a German. Whisky distilled the liquid is called mescal. A very little of this clear and harmless-looking beverage will completely floor an American who has been long inured to strong drink. The maguery plant is extensively cultivated, and every morning there is a train-load of the pulque run to the City of Mexico, where the poor buy it for about three cents a pint, and drink it without moderation.

The interior of Mexico is by no means a newly-settled country. All along the route the stranger is surprised to find that each little town he enters was settled by the Spaniards from two to three hundred years ago. The buildings are all of stone or adobe, and built with open courts and along very narrow paved streets. Everywhere almost half the wealth of the towns is put in churches, and the old Spanish priests seemed to have so placed these churches up and down the valleys that at no place could the miserable inhabitants be beyond the reach of the tones of a chapel bell calling them to mass and confession. Every three or four miles we would pass one of these chapels, which has been a place of worship for from five to eight generations. Many are now either part or wholly in ruins, with only the stone towers reaching heavenward, while a mass of moss and vine-covered walls are slowly yielding to the corroding of time. How strangely in harmony with the decay of the Spanish civilization which was transplanted along these valleys. Three centuries have entirely changed the people. In mingling with the native Aztecs, the Spaniard has lost much of his identity, and to-day all over the rural provinces the Mexican partakes more of the aboriginal stock than of the engrafted scion. He is incapable of reproducing the architecture and carvings and joinings of his ancestors; lacking in energy and inventive genius; ignorant of the meanness of comfort of civilization; always filthy, yet ever blindly devout. He may lie, steal, rob or even murder; he may force a friend, neglect and outrage the most sacred ties that bind human souls together, and commit every crime known to the calendar, but forget his prayers—never. He closes a day of enouraging and crime by devoutly crossing himself and lying down to peaceful slumbers.—Con. Denver Republican.

COMMERCIAL LAW.

Execution Levied on Firm Property to Satisfy One Partner's Debt.

Certain property of a firm was taken in execution to satisfy a judgment against one of the firm who stated that the property belonged to him except a very slight interest in the other partners, which arose from their contributing a few dollars toward the repair of the property, which was a stationary saw-mill with the ordinary attachments. The other partners sued to restrain the purchaser from removing the goods and got an injunction. An appeal was taken in the case, Williams vs. Lewis, to the Supreme Court of Indiana, where the judgment was affirmed. Judge Mitchell, in the opinion, said: Specific articles of partnership property can not be levied upon and sold to satisfy the individual debt of one partner, and when the officer, instead of selling the whole interest of the partner, as the execution debtor sells the whole of certain specific articles of property belonging to a firm, the owners may treat him as a trespasser, and may enjoin the sale or the delivery of the articles so sold. The agency which exists between partners, pertains only to the business of the firm, and the declarations of one partner which bind the others are such as pertain to and are made while employed about the business of the partnership. Certainly one partner can not admit away the interest of his copartners in the partnership property, or transfer the interest of one partner to the individual creditors of the other in the absence of both, which was the case here, nor can he, by his declarations, make that a partnership transaction which does not appear to be such. It is no part of the business of partners to enlarge, deny or affect the respective interests of members of the firm in the partnership property by declarations or admissions in the absence of each other. They are not constituted agents for any such purpose. The agency extends merely to the conduct of the business of the firm.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Incidents Showing That London Is the Antiquarian's Paradise.

The paradise of second-hand books is London. The cramped and low-studded, narrow little shops of Holywell street—which the knowing call "Booksellers' Row"—are the quaintest and most fascinating places of their kind. Memories of every visit to London, long or brief, are crowded in turn with memories of these second-hand book-shops. There was another shop, on Oxford street, not far from the Tottenham Court road, that I remember well—a wonder of a place, larger than its fellows in the row, and crammed with mountains of books. Counters there were none, or, at most, but one; you walked through or squeezed through narrow passages, between great heaps of books, that reached from floor to ceiling. What may have been within the center of any one of these piles, or at the bottom of it? I am sure the merchant himself did not know. And if one knew that such and such a book lay hidden there, and he wanted it, how, in the name of all the wonders, could he get it? I am sure the merchant himself did not know. I do not believe that he would have overhauled one of those piles for less than £100. The place has long been one of my favorite mysteries: I regard with no little amazement the second-hand bookman, who showed such an apparent disregard for the possibilities of his stock. And I dare say the establishment maintains its ancient plethora. These places never change, thank Heaven!

It was some such merchants as this whom I used to consult when in extremity. If I wanted such and such a book, he knew where it could be had, if it could be had at all. I verily believe that he had the gift of conjuring. If a search proved fruitless in other quarters, some ceremony of incantation on his part would produce the book desired. On one occasion I was eager for an early copy of "Criticism and Dramatic Essays of the English Stage," by William Hazlitt, containing, among other valued papers, that inimitable writer's original criticisms of Edmund Kean. I had made acquaintance with the book in the library of one of London's oldest and best known actors—upon whose life performance death has since dropped the final curtain—but I could not find a copy like it in the shops. Then I had recourse to my conjurer. He was six months in the task, but his rites prevailed, and I came away with the volume, leaving three shillings and six pence for the good man.—Boston Herald.

SECOND-HAND BOOKS.

Incidents Showing That London Is the Antiquarian's Paradise.

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THE BOOKS TO READ.

A Preacher Tells How to Make the Best Possible Use of Time.

You will make the best use possible of your time. Emerson says: "Read the best book first." Unless you do that you will die never having read them. One can easily use all his time in reading newspapers and die and never have read "The Sermon on the Mount." Of making many books there is no end; there is an end to life. Choose, select, discriminate. Do not read the books of a day or of a year.

Books that live for hundreds of years have not attained so long life because they have been carefully preserved—they have been carefully preserved because they deserved to live. Men have said all along of such and such a book, this is too good to be lost, we must save this. We all know the words of Abraham Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, nobody much remembers what Edward Everett said there. I pass by a second-hand store and see outside a job lot of books. You can pay a quarter and take your choice. As a rule these are books that have not passed examination. They are more valuable in a paper mill than in any other place. The ink is an objection to them, however. The annual issue of novels is somewhat wonderful. Some time ought to be given to novels. Let us begin with the good old ones, the ones that have stood the test of time and passed muster as works of genuine interest. The busy people have begun with "She" and "Quick or the Dead." This is certainly not a good beginning nor ending either.

It is a pity to die ignorant of Walter Scott and well acquainted with "The Duchess." It is too easily conceded that because one is traveling that he must while away the time on whatever the train boy has in stock. A railway car is not a good place for reading, but if people will risk their eyes, why not do it on something excellent? Take a good book that you have wanted to read and lacked the time and put in your grip and so redeem the time. The man who reads the best books one hour a day for thirty years will have gone very far. He will pass in company for any reading man. I spent a few days in the woods with a man who impressed me with his wonderful memory of the best things that have been said on earth. One would think to hear him that he had a large library and had attended to what was in it. Nothing of the sort. He had one book, the old "English Reader," which my father read in eighty years ago. There are bits in it of the best words of many lands and all ages. Myron W. Reed.

Tobacco should be credited as a part of the discovery of Christopher Columbus. When he first met the Indians they "were inhaling the fumes of tobacco in the shape of a cigar." This cigar was not wholly of tobacco, though. It was a stalk or straw tube filled with this weed. But the Indians smoked pipes chiefly.

Constipation

Demands prompt treatment. The result of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels. The best remedy is Ayer's Pills. Being purely vegetable, their action is prompt and their effect always beneficial. They are an admirable Liver and After-dinner pill, and everywhere endorsed by the profession.

Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people all over the world. I make daily use of them in my practice."—Dr. L. E. Fowler, Bridgeport, Conn.

"I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Leithville, Pa.

"For several years Ayer's Pills have been used in my family. We find them an

Effective Remedy

for constipation and indigestion, and are never without them in the house."—Moses Grenier, Lowell, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for liver troubles and indigestion, during many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action."—L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y.

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills effected a complete cure."—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."—James Quinn, 30 Middle st., Hartford, Conn.

"Having been troubled with constiveness, which seems insupportable with persons of sedentary habits, I have tried Ayer's Pills, having been told by a friend that they were better than any other medicine. I arrived at this conclusion only after a faithful trial of their merits."—Samuel T. Jones, Oak st., Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.



FARM FOR SALE!

4½ Acres, situated on the Stanford and Crab Orchard pike near Walnut Flat. For particulars address R. C. BOWATERS, Cr. OVALE, Ky.

Kentucky Central R. R.

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THE SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE

From CENTRAL KENTUCKY

To All Points NORTH, EAST, WEST AND SOUTH-WEST.

FAST LINE BETWEEN LEXINGTON & CINCINNATI.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAR. 1, 1895.

South-Bound.	No. 7.	No. 4.	No. 6.
Ex. Sun.	Daily	Ex. Sun.	
Lex. Cincinnati	8:10 a.m.	7:35 p.m.	4:25 p.m.
Lex. Covington	8:30 a.m.	8:05 p.m.	7:35 p.m.
Lex. Falmouth	9:45 a.m.	9:15 p.m.	8:05 p.m.
Arr. Paris	11:20 a.m.	10:15 p.m.	9:40 p.m.
Arr. Lexington	12:10 p.m.	10:55 p.m.	10:30 p.m.
Lex. Paris	11:30 a.m.	10:15 p.m.	9:45 p.m.
Arr. Winchester	12:15 p.m.	10:55 p.m.	10:35 p.m.
Arr. Richmond	1:00 p.m.	11:40 p.m.	11:20 p.m.
Arr. Lancaster	1:50 p.m.	12:30 p.m.	12:10 p.m.
Arr. Stanford	2:00 p.m.	1:20 p.m.	1:00 p.m.
Lex. Richmond	2:05 p.m.	1:25 p.m.	1:05 p.m.
Arr. Lexington	2:45 p.m.	2:05 p.m.	1:45 p.m.
North-Bound.	No. 3.	No. 1.	No. 5.
Ex. Sun.	Daily	Ex. Sun.	
Lex. Livingston	5:00 a.m.	10:25 a.m.	7:05 p.m.
Lex. Berea	5:25 a.m.	10:50 a.m.	7:30 p.m.
Arr. Richmond	11:45 a.m.	11:45 a.m.	4:05 p.m.
Lex. Stanford	7:30 a.m.	11:45 a.m.	4:05 p.m.
Lex. Lancaster	8:10 a.m.	12:30 p.m.	4:45 p.m.
Arr. Richmond	11:00 a.m.	1:00 p.m.	5:25 p.m.
Lex. Richmond	11:15 p.m.	6:50 a.m.	5:45 p.m.
Arr. Winchester	1:10 p.m.	7:40 a.m.	6:25 p.m.
Arr. Paris	1:50 p.m.	8:27 a.m.	7:05 p.m.
Lex. Lexington	1:30 p.m.	7:15 a.m.	6:30 p.m.
Lex. Falmouth	2:10 p.m.	8:15 a.m.	7:10 p.m.
Arr. Covington	3:15 p.m.	9:05 a.m.	8:05 p.m.
Arr. Cincinnati	6:30 p.m.	11:45 a.m.	7:25 p.m.

On the Mayville Branch, No. 6 leaves Paris at 8:40 a.m. and No. 11, at 5:45 p.m., arriving at Mayville at 11:05 a.m. and 8:10 p.m. No. 10 leaves Mayville at 5:55 a.m., arriving at Paris at 8:40 a.m. No. 12 leaves Mayville at 1:35 a.m. and arrives at Paris at 5:50 p.m. These trains are daily except Sunday.

No. 43 leaves Lexington at 10:15 a.m. arrives Paris at 10:55 a.m. except Sunday.
No. 8 leaves Cincinnati 5:00 p.m. arrives Falmouth 7:05 p.m. except Sunday.
No. 7 leaves Falmouth 6:00 a.m. arrives Cincinnati 8:00 a.m. except Sunday.

Train Notes:—No. 3 runs daily between Lexington and Cincinnati. No. 1 runs daily between Cincinnati and Lexington.

No. 5 and 6 make connections at Winchester for points on the N. & M. V. R. R.

IMPORTANT:—Trains of this line now arrive at and depart from the Central Union Passenger Station, Cincinnati, making connections for all points North, East and West.
Through tickets and baggage checked to any destination reached by a railroad.
For full particulars address any agent of the Co. E. H. BACON, S. F. MORSE, General Managers, Lexington, Ky.
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FINEST SUMMER CLIMATE IN AMERICA

Observation Cars from Kanawha Falls to Charlottesville, Va. Breakfast to Supper from April 1st to December 1st.

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Direct route to LYNCHBURG, DANVILLE, And all points in VIRGINIA and NORTH CAROLINA.

—EXCURSION TICKETS IN SEASON—

EASTWARD.	Fast Daily Line.	Ex. Sun. Ex. Sun.
Lex. Lexington	11:00 p.m.	11:15 a.m. 6:00 p.m.
Winchester	11:35 p.m.	1:05 p.m. 7:00 p.m.
Mr. Sterling	11:55 a.m.	1:25 p.m. 7:20 p.m.
Frederick	12:14 a.m.	2:25 p.m. 8:20 p.m.
Morristown	1:20 a.m.	3:30 p.m. 9:27 p.m.
L. & N. Junction	2:35 a.m.	4:45 p.m. 10:38 a.m.
Ashland	3:35 a.m.	5:45 p.m. 11:38 a.m.
Chilesburg	4:40 a.m.	6:50 p.m. 12:43 a.m.
Huntington	5:45 a.m.	7:50 p.m. 1:43 a.m.
Charleston	6:55 a.m.	8:50 p.m. 2:43 a.m.
Kanawha Falls	8:05 a.m.	9:50 p.m. 3:43 a.m.
Chilton Forge	9:15 p.m.	10:50 p.m. 4:43 a.m.
Staunton	10:25 p.m.	11:55 p.m. 5:43 a.m.
Charlottesville	11:35 p.m.	12:45 a.m. 6:43 a.m.
Arr. Washington	12:45 p.m.	1:45 p.m. 7:43 a.m.
Baltimore	1:55 p.m.	2:45 p.m. 8:43 a.m.
Philadelphia	3:00 a.m.	3:45 p.m. 9:43 a.m.
New York	4:00 a.m.	4:45 p.m. 10:43 a.m.
Richmond, Va.	5:00 p.m.	5:45 p.m. 11:43 a.m.
Old Point Comfort	6:00 p.m.	6:45 p.m. 12:43 p.m.

Returning Fast Express arrives Lexington 5:00 p.m.; Fast Mail 12:30 p.m. and Accommodation 8:45 a.m.

Trains west of Lexington are run on Central Standard time. Trains east of Huntington are run on Eastern time.

Fast Express leaving Lexington 11:00 p.m. daily has finest Pullman Buffet sleeping car to Washington without change.

Fast Mail leaving Lexington daily except Sunday has Pullman Sleepers. Huntington to Charlottesville.

Accommodation for Winchester, Mr. Sterling and Olive Hill leaves Lexington daily except Sunday.

Ask for tickets via N. & M. V. Co.'s lines. For information in regard to rates, etc., apply to J. L. M. P. H. V. Co.'s Pass. Agt., J. D. VARRINGTON, 40 V. P. Lexington, Ky.

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LOUISVILLE NEW ALBANY CHICAGO ST. C.

A NEW FAST MAIL

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THE MOST RAPID ROUTE

Ever attempted between the great commercial cities on the Ohio River and Chicago, and hence the fastest and most comfortable trains between all points in the South, or to the West and Northwest. The counterpart of this train on all trunk lines is denominated The Limited Express. The superlative rolling stock we employ gives patrons Unlimited Comfort.

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Are still in the business and ready to do anything in the Undertaking line. We have a full stock of Caves and Coverters of all kinds and Robes of every description. Our hearse, which is nearly new can be obtained on short notice. Mr. J. E. Green has charge of our business, and will show our goods to any one needing anything in our line.